


# Punch

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*Manufacturers of electrical cleaners, washing machines and other fine appliances for the home*

# PUNCH

Vol. CCXXXIX No. 6275  
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Edited by  
Bernard Hol'wood



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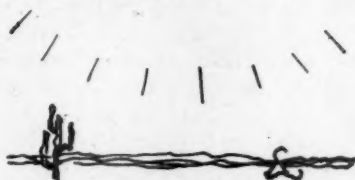
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## The London Charivari

SIR GEOFFREY CROWTHER has made a nice tidy suggestion about universities—that as most undergraduates are only up for half the year, a shift system could be introduced, with double the number of undergraduates using the permanent installations (colleges, lecture rooms, laboratories, dons etc.) all the year round. It's all beautifully simple, but I fear that the dons will prove a weak link in the chain, for teaching at this level is not often repetition work. It demands a lot of preparation. One could usually tell at the beginning of the Christmas term how much of the Long Vacation the lecturer had spent working and how much on the Riviera, and hence how much new stuff one was going to hear in that course of lectures. The deeper the tan, the idler the don.

### Weather Note

THE other day Mr. Geoffrey de Freitas asked the Minister of Agriculture whether, in view of recent events in Britain, he would encourage the harvesting of grain by rice-gathering



machines designed for the paddy fields of South-East Asia. What a mercy that we cannot know the kind of question Mr. de Freitas may be asking in December 1961!

### Bring that Pine Log Hither

A CAMBRIDGE hold-up gang who took £2,000 away from a man on his way to the bank last week struck a pleasantly seasonable note by abandoning the conventional mask for carnival red noses, with spectacles attached, and white Santa Claus beards. I suppose it was this sense of goodwill



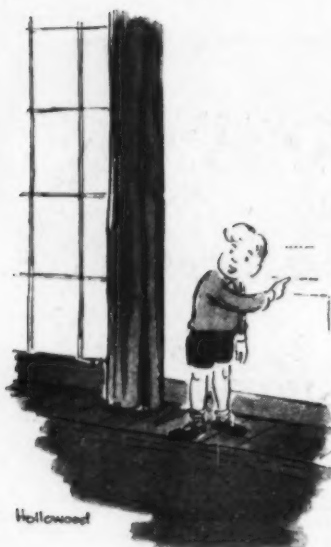
in the air which caused them to throw pepper in the man's face, rather than cosh him with a suitably weighted Christmas stocking.

### Jam

GENERAL DE GAULLE'S drive against immorality, a move calculated no doubt to divert French eyes from happenings in Algeria, contains the odd proposal that people convicted of living on immoral earnings should have their driving licences confiscated. It is not difficult to imagine that there has been collusion here between the President and his harassed Minister of Transport. Mr. Marples please copy.

### Down Payment in Kind

NOW that television sets and cameras are being accepted instead of cash deposits for hire purchase cars, motor salesmen may find their stock expanding in unfamiliar directions. Keeping roughly in the same range,



"No, Auntie, that's how tall I was last year. This is where we used to have the telly and this is where the floods came up to in November."

samplers and opera glasses are an obvious short step for the first payment and later instalments might well include such less urgently needed assets as phonographs, lorgnettes, well-tempered clavichords and magic lanterns. I hope this barter movement catches on; it could level the inflation spiral flat in the twinkling of a pier-glass.

### Family Favourites

I AWAIT with interest the plans which the *Sunday Times* will no doubt feel under an obligation to make for the selection of the Most Glamorous Grandmother, an enterprise left in mid-stream by the now defunct *Sunday Graphic*. When the eighteen finalists from the 20,000 original starters visit London next month for the last round will "Atticus" introduce them to the social scene, George Schwartz advise them on their stocking savings, Elizabeth Pakenham coach them in the rearing of their grandchildren, and Cyril Connolly guide their literary tastes? A ceremony of some dignity may be expected and I should like to be there when Mr. Roy Thomson asks Grandmama for the second minuet.

### Unknown Benefactor

I AM happy to report that, in spite of much "streamlining" of comics

and women's magazines in the past year, the traditional snow-capped letters still appear in the titles of a handful of Christmas numbers. The journal *Men's Wear* is not too proud to observe this seasonal usage, but *The Lancet* still holds aloof. Regrettably, we know nothing about the man who originated snow-capped lettering; he seems to have done nothing to copyright his invention. Yet how we admired (and copied) his work in childhood! Wherever his headstone lies, let us hope that the snow falls fatly on the letters of his name.

### From the Eye-Corner

ABOUT this time, for all I know, circulation managers of London's evening papers will be planning the coming year's printed newsbills—as distinct from the scribbled ones announcing earthquakes and other ephemeral events. It seems to me that the pattern of news in 1960 has been fairly simple, and I don't know why more of these permanent bills haven't been used. BANK RAID, WAGES GRAB, CONGO, MOSCOW WARNS . . . all these could have had their type set long ago and given frequent service. One nice change in 1961 will be bills headed THE TEST: another, less of a novelty but sure of frequent airings will surely be LONDON FARES SHOCK. Last week the *Daily Mail*



"As Managing Director of this vast impersonal concern, I happen to know why we haven't issued a lousy bonus this year."

*Do you feel on the brink of middle-age?*

Then you must read H. F. ELLIS's new series, starting next week, on the new science of

### MEDIATRICS

or the care of those between 35 and 60.

If you don't feel middle-aged, you must read it to prepare yourself for the day when you do.

was able to use up an old screamer headline: "AFRICANS ALL OUT!" That's the kind of thing I mean.

### Fine Feathers

EX-BUTLER CRONIN, now a receptionist at the Jai Alai Palace in Miami, told a reporter that it was all a bit different from what he was used to, but he had been assured that he wouldn't have to serve anyone not wearing a collar and tie. I couldn't help wondering what he would have done if he had been called on to serve the Duke of Windsor wearing, as he was shown last week, plus-fours with knee-boots, a skiing cap with earflaps in the down position, and two wind-cheaters, one over the other, the inner one high enough round the neck to conceal whether he was wearing a collar and tie or not.

### Here Comes the Yogi-Man

YOGIS everywhere will have read with dismay the news that the Russians have decided that yoga is equally useless for the sick and the well. "Even the appearance of the yogi is unhealthy," says the report, which comes from the Research Methods Committee on Physical Culture. "He is gloomy." Funnily enough, a lot of yogis I know have noticed the same thing about Communists.

### Anyone There?

I WAS pleased to see that Mr. Adlai Stevenson is to be Mr. Kennedy's choice as U.S. Ambassador to U.N., and only hope that he can present his credentials while there's still something to present them to.

— MR. PUNCH



**ONE FOR THE ROAD**

*(During the Christmas holiday last year 161 persons in England and Wales were killed on the roads.)*

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Immediately below the Top People come the Pop People, the men and women in the street who are at the receiving end of mass production. This article, the first of a series investigating what these consumers consume, deals with cosmetics

## POP PEOPLE'S



## BEAUTY

By PATRICK SKENE CATLING

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WHEN it comes to appraising most of the women in this country at their face value the brutal fact of the matter is this: beauty is not truth, nor truth beauty. Nature usually produces Englishwomen who are well enough put together, with the ordinary features properly disposed, with the eyes above, as Humpty Dumpty observed, "nose in the middle, mouth under"; but rare is she whose symmetry and proportions, curves and planes, textures and colours cannot be artificially ameliorated, at least in terms of contemporary fashions—and what, after all, is beauty but what fashionably influential people consider beautiful in a given place at a given time? Is there such a quality as absolute beauty? There is not. In order to get as close as possible to arbitrary, local, temporary beauty, most women, unlike lilies, should be painted, if the paint is good stuff, intelligently chosen and artfully applied.

One of the most socially significant developments in the affluent Britain of the past few years is that almost the entire female population, for the first time in history, can now afford financially to make the most of whatever natural physical attractions they were endowed with, and conversely to make the least of their flaws. Achieving the best possible appearance synthetically used to be in the main, until quite recently, a privilege of the top people; now it is equally shared by the pop people as well, and to the average normal woman this is the sort of equality of opportunity that means more than everything the politicians were arguing about in the conferences at Scarborough. If Mr. Macmillan could persuade the women voters that Britain's present universal cosmetic egalitarianism is a result of Conservative policies the Socialists and Liberals, I fear, might just as well pack up their soap-boxes and slogans and go into some more promising line of work.

Until this sudden modern innovation the history of facial make-up was an aspect of the history of the élite. In the tombs of the ruling class of ancient Egypt, for example, archaeologists have discovered stibial pencils and vases containing kohl, used for blackening the eyebrows and eyelashes—hence, of course, the well-known phrase antimony and Cleopatra.

The Koran promised that all its true adherents would be provided with houris with "large dark eyes," but not until after the believers died.

In the Old Testament who was it that came "out of the wilderness like pillars of smoke, perfumed with myrrh and frankincense, with all the powders of the merchant"? It was, one recognizes, a top person.

In ancient Greece and Rome only the wealthy could afford the luxury after bathing of anointment with perfumed oils and unguents. The early Christians, appalled by Roman voluptuousness, deplored self-adornment as an expression of vanity. Personal beauty and even cleanliness were not high among early Christian ideals; physical self-neglect achieved austere sacrificial dignity.

Yet it was Christianity, indirectly, that helped to put the cosmeticians of Europe back in business again, for the Crusaders rediscovered beauty culture in the Middle East and brought it home with them.

By the thirteenth century hair-dyes and tongue-scrappers and other materials and devices were in widespread use to enhance the colour and sweetness of the high-ranking ladies of France, and by the seventeenth century many European

ladies were powdering themselves, sometimes in addition to washing, sometimes as a substitute for it. In the eighteenth century the most fashionable make-up was a white mask of plaster, embellished with false brows drawn in black, and veins of small calibre traced delicately in blue—the latter perhaps to remind viewers that the face behind was human.

Parliament in 1770 rejected a bill providing:

That all women of whatever age, rank, profession, or degree, whether virgins, maids or widows that shall, from and after such Act, impose upon, seduce and betray into matrimony, any of His Majesty's subjects, by the scents, paints, cosmetic washes, artificial teeth, false hair, Spanish wool, iron stays, hoops, high heeled shoes, bolstered hips, shall incur the penalty of the law in force against witchcraft and like misdemeanours and that the marriage upon conviction shall stand null and void.

Cosmetics suffered no major setbacks until the French Revolution, in which many of the best made-up heads of the era were selected for the guillotine, and in 1795, in England, when Pitt imposed a cosmetics tax, a forerunner of the 29 per cent purchase tax that cosmetics manufacturers, distributors and retailers still bemoan with some justification to-day. The lurid eighteenth-century art of make-up did not please the Victorians and it was used principally by actresses and whores.

The next important turning point was reached during the first world war, when women were emerging from domestic purdah into commerce and an increasingly free public social life. Lipstick and rouge were still withheld from the faces of the young and the old; but in the next forty years the lower and upper age limits were generally extended, so that nowadays most girls in Britain begin using make-up in mid-teens, and most of the declining minority of older women who never use it are old enough to be great-grandmothers.

Between the wars motion pictures played a big part in establishing the Western world's criteria of beauty and in strengthening popular desire to use more make-up. The second war continued the trend, and after the war, as soon as plenty of make-up was available and most women had enough money to buy it, consumption rose fast. The value of cosmetics produced in the United Kingdom in 1935 was £6,769,000. The Board of Trade figures for the year that ended last February amount to £17,689,000, more than two and a half times as great as the earlier total. When Odhams studied the use of cosmetics in Britain in 1957 (in a survey for *Woman*) they found that 87 per cent. of the upper-class women, 88 per cent of the middle-class women, and 72 per cent of the lower-class women they interviewed had used face powder during the previous week. The comparable figures for lipstick were 87, 85 and 72 per cent; for cold cream they were 32, 27 and 20 per cent; for rouge, 20, 19 and 12; nail varnish, 19, 16 and 7; and mascara, 18, 13 and 10. Since that time there have been considerable increases in all three class categories in the use of lipstick and mascara, and decreases in the use of rouge; and it is believed that the class differences in the use of all cosmetics have been reduced; the pop people seem to be gaining.

Mr. C. A. Williams, the secretary of the Toilet Preparations Federation, which represents 180 (about 95 per cent) of the major cosmetics manufacturers in Britain, received me in his small office above the Mazurka Club in Denman Street and

spoke of cosmetics with all the passion and careful selective vagueness of an air marshal discussing nuclear weapons.

"There has been a quite fantastic rise in popular purchases of toilet preparations," he said. "There's been a notable increase in the sale of perfumes, including some of the more expensive luxury perfumes from France. You'd be surprised who's buying what. I recently visited a cosmetics factory and asked the girls on the lipstick line what sort of lipstick they used. They were allowed to buy the low-cost lipstick they were packaging at a very favourable price, but only two or three of them were using their own product. They preferred to buy the snob-appeal brands. They're earning enough money to buy expensive lipstick, so they buy it—and other products too, from Helena Rubenstein, Elizabeth Arden, Dorothy Gray, Charles of The Ritz, Jean Patou, Chanel and Yardleys. As for the skill in applying make-up," Mr. Williams added, "it's improved a lot, but there's still a long way to go. One misconception I wish you could correct, by the way, is that the raw material in an eight-and-sixpenny lipstick costs only a penny. Anyway, this industry spends a lot on the eye-appeal and advertising of its products—and really when you sell cosmetics it's something so individualistic it isn't just a product, it's almost, well, a service, a public service."



## THEN AS NOW

Phil May drew for Punch for only ten years, from 1893 until his death in 1903.



According to the *Financial Times*, packaging accounts for about 40 per cent of the production cost of cosmetics, and the manufacturers spend slightly more than £1,000,000 a year on advertising.

The keenness of the competition between rival companies selling products of almost identical qualities brings about the creation of some marvellous brand names and advertising copy. They must be simple enough for ready recognition in the mass market, but sufficiently glamorous to make the public feel that every purchase somehow enriches the purchaser.

Max Factor, a dominant company, which, like more than half of the top twenty cosmetics firms in Britain, has its head office in the United States, manufactures Creme Puff compressed powders called Tempting Touch, Gay Whisper and Twilight Blush. A catalogue for *Les Parfums Coty* lists, among others, *Le Vertige* ("Perfume of heady enchantment"), *Meteor* ("Striking a sharp, high note"), and, possibly suitable for necrophiles, *Styx* ("Perfume of mystery and romance"). Coty also advertises a lipstick called Pink-with-a-Wink ("It's new! It's wickedly wonderful! It's a teasing pink with a wicked wink—romantic, ravishing, reckless"). Innoxa offers

Liquid Satin tinted foundation and explains: "Your skin has moods just like you do yourself . . . And what gay girl can predict at the dressing table what the day will bring? And who'd want to? That's why Innoxa make Liquid Satin. Because they know that to-day women need a make-up that's aware." Intentional levity is rare in this industry, but Toni proclaims that "if you can boast a single girl friend who's got hair . . . you've got the best possible reason for buying a new tall, Christmas candle-can of Caress." Pop people respond eagerly to appeals such as these.

The mass-circulation women's magazines intensify the popular appetite for beauty aids. In a typical article in a recent issue of *Woman's Own*, for instance, Diana Day gives the recipe for a face mask that sounds potable: "Take 1 white of egg, 6 drops of lemon juice, 1 teaspoon warm honey . . ." No doubt this could be washed down with a draught of golden-brown beer shampoo ("The ideal family shampoo"), which is now selling briskly at even the lowest-price chain stores.

As the lists of exotic products grow longer and longer it becomes more and more difficult for the public to choose what cosmetics to buy; however, the Toilet Preparations Federation has helped to ensure certain minimum standards of purity, and the Consumers' Association keeps a vigilant, dispassionate, and penetrating eye on cosmetics, as on other products, to help save subscribers to *Which?* from wasting money on absurdities. The association has recently published scathing reports on hormone creams (" . . . because there is no conclusive published evidence that oestrogenic hormone creams, in the quantities and concentrations normally used, are any better than ordinary face creams, C.A. sees no reason for buying them"), baldness treatments ("There is no established medical or scientific evidence that common male baldness is at present curable"), and Royal Jelly as a cosmetic (" . . . Royal Jelly as a rejuvenating agent in cosmetics savours of sympathetic magic"). But some pop people evidently prefer the more expensive cosmetics partly because of their expensiveness. The jars on the dressing table and the bathroom shelves are so many status symbols.

Pierre Raymond, the beautician known as "Mr. Teasie Weasie," told me that the average patronesses of his salons in London, Cardiff and Birmingham, including working girls, spent about £1 each every week on beauty culture—12s. 6d. each on their hair, and the other 7s. 6d. mostly on cosmetics. Much of the increased expenditure of recent years has been devoted to altering hair colours. "It is no longer startling to see a duchess sitting next to a bus conductress," he claimed. Under the pastel-colour hair dryers there is a new democratic anonymous camaraderie.

In the vanguard of men who use cosmetics, Mr. Raymond dabs himself liberally with a faintly perfumed spirit of his own manufacture called Riviera. "Men are becoming more and more cosmetics-minded," he said, conjuring up a vision of navvies daintily squeezing the rubber bulbs of scent-atomizers. "At the moment, of course," he added, "men don't admit to anything more than after-shave lotion. But—let's face it—that's only a disguised name for perfume." I remembered my after-shave lotion, and faced it, and my pop complexion, erubescant, turned the colour of Max Factor Twilight Blush.

**Next week: POP PEOPLE'S SCHOOLS**

# Do You Eat Straight or Zigzag?

By E. S. TURNER

*What the best authorities say on knives, forks and spoons as opposed to fingers*

AMONG the scientific breakthroughs of 1960 was the introduction of a soup-spoon with a flat triangular bowl, said to be ideally adapted to the noiseless intake of soup. Specimens were included in a service supplied to the directors of the Ionian Bank, on whom, one gathers, no personal reflection was intended.

Mr. Gerald Benney, designer of the spoon, has been described as one of the world's leading silversmiths. His authority is so high that he is able to pronounce confidently on fish knives, a theme on which most of us have learned to hold our tongues. Of that, more later.

The problem of getting food from the plate to the mouth without attracting undue derision has always weighed heavily on men and women of sensibility; it did so even in days when jesters were encouraged to jump in and out of the custard. Courtesy books of five centuries ago not only discourage face-pulling and lechery at table but they try to persuade diners to eat their soup silently with a spoon. As one of them says: "When you sopys, make no no(y)se, With thi mouth, As do boys" (T. J. Furnivall, his translation). At various periods people may have drunk their soup instead of eating it, but what of that? The late Miss Emily Post says you may drink your *bouillon* from the cup if you wish and hold the cup in both hands. The consensus of experts is that soup should not be imbibed by the creation of a powerful vacuum into which liquids and solids incontinently hurtle, but few give any specific advice. Sip, don't slurp, says *Esquire's* manual. According to Miss Post, thick soups are eaten "by taking about one third of the spoon (which is not more than three quarters full) into the mouth and doing what amounts to pouring the soup into the mouth from the end of the spoon." That was before triangular spoons were invented.

It is arguable that polite eating came in with the introduction of forks. This occurred, in the face of spirited

opposition from churchmen, in the time of Charles I. It was, the preachers said, an insult to Providence not to touch one's meat with one's fingers (oddly, the earlier courtesy books insisted that one should not break bread with the fingers but cut it with a knife). We should still have been eating meat from the knife or with the fingers, if a restless Englishman called Thomas Coryate had not campaigned to persuade his countrymen to use forks in the Italian manner. In Italy, he said, it was the height of bad manners to touch the joint with the fingers when helping oneself; anyone doing so "shall be at least browbeaten if not reprehended in words." In England it had been the custom for diners to grip the joint as best they could in order to hack off the titbits, at some peril to themselves—

*On a finger gnaweth some hungry glutton,  
Supposing it is a piece of beef or mutton.*

When it was found that forks were useful not only for preserving the fingers but for lifting food to the mouth, gentlemen began to carry them to all social occasions. They had still to master the problem of how to get food on to the fork when spiking was not feasible. Eventually the best people took to using a piece of dry bread as a pusher, but at some stage the mass of Englishmen acquired the habit of stacking up the fork with the knife and never laying the knife down. This behaviour found no endorsement in a Ward, Lock book of etiquette, *How To Dine*, published in 1876; it was "fashionable," according to this source, to use the knife only to cut the food into convenient morsels. The diner should then take his fork in his right hand and use a crust in his left, for loading.

This practice seems to have inspired the American fashion of "zigzag eating"



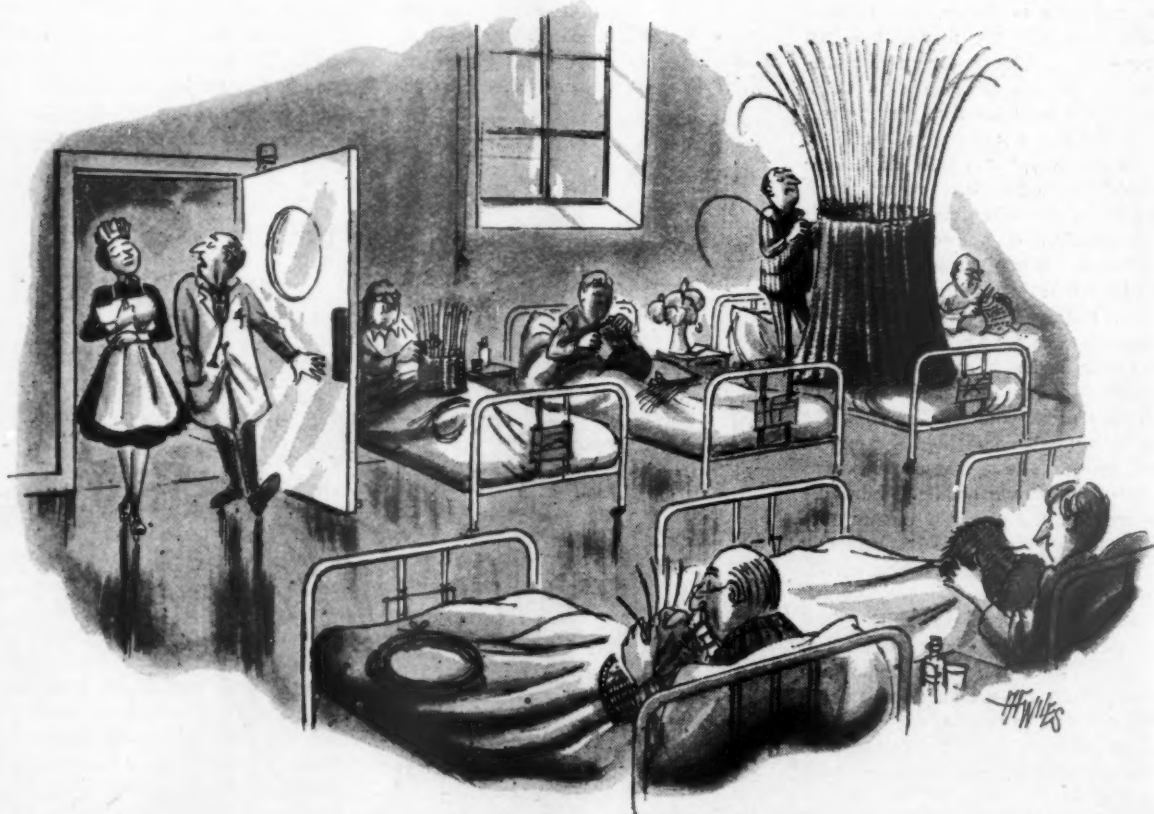
which Miss Post is at pains to censure: that is, cutting off a piece of meat with the right hand, laying down the knife, transferring the fork to the right hand, spiking and eating the meat, laying down the fork again, picking it up with the left hand, picking up the knife again with the right hand and so on. The process, she suggests, is fatiguing not only to the diner but to the observer. *Esquire* calls it "criss-cross eating" and describes it as "prissy," while sharply condemning the practice of cutting up the whole plateful of meat in advance. In Miss Post's view it should not be beyond the capacity of Americans to eat occasional morsels from a fork held in the left hand; but when one does eat with fork in right hand, she says, it is legitimate, in the absence of a crust, to use the knife in the left hand either as a pusher or a block; which to an Englishman, is another form of criss-cross eating. Our

own Lady Troubridge dodges the whole problem, and wisely too.

According to "A Member of the Aristocracy" who wrote *Manners and Rules of Good Society* (1878 edition) the great fish knife controversy began with the discovery (by whom is not stated) that the use of a steel blade spoiled the delicate flavour of fish. The fastidious were careful, therefore, to employ only fork and crust. Then "one evening a well-known diner-out discarded his crust of bread and ate his fish with two silver forks; this notion found such general favour that society dropped the humble crust and took up a second fork." This practice, in turn, was superseded by the introduction of silver knives and forks "now in general use," except by the old-fashioned. In our own times stainless steel blades made silver fish knives unnecessary, but the subject is still dangerously controversial. Mr. Evelyn Waugh has told how he warned

a fellow novelist not to describe the wife of a Master of Foxhounds eating fish with a fish knife. His advice was not followed, and sure enough the wife of a Master of Foxhounds who read the book tossed it aside as soon as she reached this passage, exclaiming "The fellow can't even write like a gentleman." Mr. Gerald Benney, the designer mentioned earlier, says he makes no difference in shape between fish knives and other knives. "A separate fish knife was only necessary in the old days when there were steel blades which were stained by the fish," he says. As a silversmith he is naturally more interested in preserving the integrity of the implements than of the food.

"A Member of the Aristocracy" was a great fork man. Laborious knife-and-fork dissection of small birds, he said, was to be discouraged; for one thing it took up time which would have been better devoted to the ladies, who were



"And how's old inferiority complex getting along?"

not expected to eat small birds, or, indeed, kidneys and viscera. A fork, said this pundit, was the only tool for eating *quenelles*, *timbales*, rissoles, patties and even blanchmanges and jellies. It was true that well-bred foreigners ate peas with a knife, but this was not the English way of life. (Of all methods of eating peas this traditional joke method would appear to be the least efficient.) Regrettably "A Member of the Aristocracy" does not discuss how to eat spaghetti. Miss Post does. Whatever strange things foreigners may do, the only way is to wind it round the fork, against the curve of the plate if need be; only peasants use spoons, she says. Many have been relieved to find that she opposes the serving of corn on the cob on formal occasions.

Wisely, Britain and America have never seriously tried to teach each other how to eat (or suck) eggs. An American authority on etiquette, writing in 1855, told his countrymen that the well-bred person "eats his eggs from the shell with or without an egg cup, which is to hold the shell and not its contents . . . The custom of breaking boiled eggs into plates or glasses is peculiarly American and very distasteful to foreigners. It may be, and probably is, the best way, but not the fashionable method." To-day the pundits agree to differ on this issue.

It seems fair to give the Chinese the last word (political observers say they will have it anyway). Asked by a mid-Victorian traveller why they used chopsticks, a cultivated Chinese admitted that before his countrymen were civilized they used knives and forks. "We still carry a knife in our chopstick cases, but it is a relic of barbarism. We sit down at table to eat, not to cut up carcasses." It is the sort of throwaway remark one can see Mao making, with deadly effect, if ever they get him to a Summit.

☆

"It is now almost six months since the Television and Screenwriters' Guild negotiated with the Independent Television Authority for a code of censorship—and still nothing has emerged to help the writer.

At present he is guided only by the vague warnings of the Television Act against offering good taste and decency and against writing anything that might encourage crime."—*Daily Telegraph*

Surely there's a middle course?



"But perhaps they don't want to be helped."



## I Wished the Floor Would Open

FULL horror of Total War at Aldershot, Royal Inspection of Division, unit demonstrations hundred yards intervals over Laffan's Plain, three minutes each to impress King George VI with martial efficiency. There stood I on Canal Bank, microphone in hand, three anti-tank guns at water's edge. Next in line, R.E.M.E. pluck overturned tank from morass, H.M. smiles congratulation, moves to our lot, spine-shattering salute and I boom through loud-speaker.

"First, sir, the pre-war method of ferrying anti-tank gun across river."

Two assault boats, lumps of kapok bridging, gun limps over semi-submarine.

"Next, sir, the present standard method."

Cluster of rubber boats, heave-ho on cable, cannon staggers across submerged to muzzle.

"Now, sir, the improved method evolved in Division using cover from fifteen-hundredweight truck and empty oil-drums."

In goes third field-piece, riding high and proud as swan, bone-dry in canvas raft, nearing middle when H.M. says "Most ingenious. And who invented that method?"

"Er . . . I did, sir" I thunder, blushing into mike.

At which the gun, cover, drums and all sink like suicide to bottom of Canal and British Army goes up in laughter.

"Never mind," says H.M. consolingly. "It always happens when I come round."

— P. R.

# First-Class Return to Ruritania

By J. E. HINDER

THE sad news that the Orient Express is to be axed for reasons of economy, although not unexpected, comes as a bitter blow to veteran travellers on this famous old train, especially those who recall the glories of its pre-1914 heyday.

There will never again be anything comparable to that luxurious progress through the Balkans, with the old carriages, all mahogany, plush and tinkling chandeliers, full of Rumanian violinists, exuding clouds of paprika as they played mad Bucharest *zigeunerlieder* to gorgeously-uniformed officers of the Imperial Army, each one drinking Tokay from the tiny silken slipper of a courtesan in the pay of the Czar. There, sprawled behind a velvet curtain, one could see an old Armenian merchant from Smyrna, pockets filled with gold coin and currants, playing a leisurely game of Bosnian Cribbage with a black-bearded murderer from Herzegovina, one of the many who travelled on a monthly season ticket to the South during the assassination season.

To be assassinated on the Orient Express used to be the prerogative of high officials in the service of Franz-

Josef and an admirable way of rounding off a distinguished career. Swarthy ferocious peasants would eagerly crowd round the train as it drew into one of the smaller stations, to see if a corpse would be carried out, draped in the Austro-Hungarian flag, ample supplies of which were always carried in the guard's van for this purpose.

The comfort of the passenger was the sole consideration of all concerned in the running of the pre-Sarajevo Orient Express. For example, when in 1907 Archduke Adolf of Sitzenbad-Heisswasser complained that his view of a favourite waterfall was partially obscured by a group of peasant dwellings, the Company had the offending buildings dynamited in time for the Archduke's return journey. For this, it is interesting to recall, the driver received the Order of the Golden Knees of St. Alexandrov.

For twenty kronen or the equivalent any passenger above the rank of baron could, on application, be provided with a dancer from the Budapest Opera up to the Bulgarian-Turkish frontier. From here she was shipped back to Hungary on a goods train.

The uncertainty of the political situation in the Balkans accounted for many of the more romantic incidents on the Express. On more than one occasion, different train-drivers, heavily bribed by Serbian and other extremists, nearly succeeded in driving the train into the Sea of Marmara. There was also the famous day when an Archduke's discarded mistress, disguised as a fireman, signalled by whistle to Croat revolutionaries waiting to place a bomb in the compartment reserved for the Prime Minister of a certain country. Her mission would have been successful had not the driver become aware of the faint odour of patchouli emanating from his fireman. He gave the alarm and the daring adventuress perished beneath the sabres of a troop of Imperial Dragoons.

All this and much more gave to the Orient Express its private and particular charm. One could talk of morganatic marriages celebrated while the train waited patiently in a siding, of a decapitated Turkish politician discovered still holding in his hand an unspilled cup of black coffee, of the time when the train was held up for two hours in order that a minor member of the Hungarian aristocracy could pick wild garlic for his beautiful Russian fiancée, of the diplomatic incident caused by an Eastern ruler who ordered his eunuch to strangle the waiter who had dropped caviar on his turban: but idle reminiscence will not bring back the Orient Express.

It is understood that the traveller may still take the Simplon-Orient Express which winds its sedate, democratic way through Italy. I have travelled on this train during part of its journey. There is not a Hapsburg to be seen throughout its considerable length. All that is no more. In the corridors stand weary, grey-faced travellers, wondering what has happened to their couchettes, munching sandwiches and pursuing half-heartedly an elusive railway employee who sells warm coffee in cardboard cups.

By the time they reach him the coffee is all gone. Like the Orient Express.





*"I'm saving it for a rainy day."*

## A Night Called Concern

By GWYN THOMAS

**A**CROSS the face of my assembled Christmasers runs a smirk of untiring clownishness.

The feast never really acquired any sort of Dickensian zing. As far as we were concerned Dingley Dell could have been on some flooded part of the moon. There was a minimal air about the whole thing and the idiom of celebration was perfunctory to a point where, had the traditional chimney business been enacted, we would have had more to say to the reindeer than to Claus. One half of the community

regarded it as economically a puzzle and a bore. Any child making excessive demands on the gift-front was slapped into better sense with a knout of radical pamphlets. The other half, leathery Puritans, objected to it as a pagan survival and went around asking wide-eyed questions about the real significance of mistletoe and the red, lusty look of Claus.

There was a little excitement and a certain amount of malign scuffling in the gully that led up the bakehouse between people who had brought

chickens of starling size and folk who seemed to have bagged an Andean condor. Comfits of the least sensuous type and a few dwarf oranges cropped up. The stockings hung up on bedposts belonged to some branch of the Celts even shorter-legged than usual. For several years we took the stocking to be the trademark of some untidy stripper whose business had brought him briefly through the bedroom. When eventually we found an accretion of nuts, apples and a lead soldier, it deepened the mystery without striking any particular

note of joy. It just made the stocking a little more difficult to put on.

The feast gave a fresh gloss to my father's melancholy. He had spent his first five years in America helping his father, an itinerant joiner, to hinder Carnegie and enrage Pinkerton. He carried a king-size delusion that his years in the States had been a period of satin smoothness and joy and he insisted that as December wore on we should sit around the kitchen fire and harmonize various songs that he had picked up in different parts of Ohio where he had been blown like a ping-pong ball by a unique belt of industrial conflicts. Many of these songs had a nostalgic plantation flavour that made us suspect that my father had been a crypto-Confederate and my older brothers would ask him loaded questions about Lincoln, Lee and the levees. There was one little lyric he reserved as a solo for me. In it I was a small slave weeping over past Yuletides where the massa and the missus would come around to the cottage with seasonal gifts like toy auction-blocks. I recall these words. "Piccaninnies sitting by the fire so bright/Hanging up their stockings on a Christmas night/For Santa Claus is coming in the morning/To that cottage on the Mississippi shore."

Along to our kitchen one Christmas Eve came Gomer Gough the Gavel, the chairman of the Library and Institute, a man who had a down on Christmas

and a dog called Dialectic. He had a grip on committee procedure that kept the thing twitching its shoulder. He had come to see my father about raids by sectaries on the cooler and more caustic shelves of the Library. My father's task was to head off the sectaries and put in a plug for the Light Romance wing which Gough would gladly have seen in ashes. My father was in one of his frantic moods of recession and had actually been seen pointing the sectaries towards books that spoke up clearly for reason.

We did not stop our singing when Gomer came in. Indeed, at a gesture from my father we made our enunciation even clearer as we swung into the first line "Oh, I am so sorry that I was set free." Gomer leaned forward, a darkness of astonishment around each ear, getting to look more and more like John Brown with every bar. "Do you realize what these kids are singing?" Gomer asked my father.

My father nodded. His mind was far off, grazing on the pastures of that golden lustrum in Southern Ohio. He was paddling happily off a throbbing levee.

"They are grovelling at the feet of the plantation-owners, the slavers," said Gough.

"That's it," said my father. "They are sitting in a cottage on the Mississippi shore expecting Claus, lamenting the dead gaiety of the shuttered halls where

the massa and the missus once stood neck-deep in mint-julep and pride. Emancipation can create terrible draughts. If you stay quite still you can't fall into anything. There are times when I would prefer the measured pity of an urbane slave-owner to the brisk fuss of a radical reformer."

"Christmas slips some kind of hood over you," said Gomer.

"That's right. I'm enjoying the very poor view of you I have at this moment. Sing up boys." And he added his own strong tenor to "Piccaninnies sitting by the fire so bright."

Gomer groaned but made no reply. He had had a hard, punishing week. A fortnight before he had made a fine, pity-spreading speech in the Institute about how trivial and uncharitable a feast Christmas had become. He described the vast pools of loneliness and anguish that would deepen as the new cult of selfishness increased in muscle and purpose. He had drawn up a list of people who, in his view, would spend the Christmas in solitude and misery. He had thrown in so many names that a large part of his audience left the hall, thinking that some disaster had struck Meadow Prospect since they had left the house that evening.

"It isn't material aid these people want," said Gomer, "as much as the simple knowledge that a lot of cordial hearts are beating in time with theirs."

So Gomer had organized a platoon of the most solicitous-looking voters he could find and he had marched them to the houses of all the people he had tabbed as being in the grip of deprivation, pain or untogetherness. It started a reign of terror. First, there was a chorus recitation composed by Gomer stressing the miracle of brotherhood and spoken in tones so rough and imperative that the people within thought they were being boarded by a lynching party. Then they would go into the house bearing a few nuts of a type that would shatter the few remaining teeth of the lonely ones and a bottle of home-made wine guaranteed to bring on delirium half-way through the second gill. The old folk felt obliged to offer hospitality and dipped deep into their small Christmas stocks, and Gough and his pity-squad would eat them out of house and home. Lots of the old-agers took to bolting their doors or lying on the floor to escape detection through the



window when they heard Gough and his friends approaching. The leader of the Old Age Pensioners Guild went to the Town Clerk and told him straight that there would be a withdrawal of rates if Gough was not shot, pity corralled and compassion trussed. Gough's last visit had been to a solitary misanthropic woman who lived in a tiny house on the edge of the town. She had actually produced some kind of fowling-piece, pointed it through a window and threatened to riddle Gough and his band of well-wishers if they soiled the night air with one more brotherly word.

My father reminded Gough sardonically about these events and recommended him to take a nice cool draught of indifference to put in as the final flavour on the turkey stuffing.

But after Gough had left my father became sad and pensive.

"I remember that woman," he said. "She was very beautiful, very gay. Now she locks herself up and does a treble act with Cassandra and Annie Oakley. Gough might have had the right idea and he might have got somewhere if he hadn't turned a simple act of greeting into an army living off the land." He pointed to the three youngest of us. "I think the sound of young, pure voices and the sight of me who was once her friend might let some air into her heart."

The three of us followed him through the town and across the small patch of moorland on the lip of which stood the woman's cottage. We stood outside the door. One light burned in the house. My father waved us into "Tenderly sleeping, so tranquil and sweet." The moment had a wing of beauty that lifted us into a rare plangency and it was only with difficulty that we heard my father tell us to keep an eye on the window through which, according to Gough, the gun had appeared. The light in the house went out.

"She is sitting in the dark," said my father.

"She is in tears, the tears that mark her rebirth, her return to the love from which this feast was born."

We were moved by what he said but he continued to watch the window. Then the door was thrown open. The woman stood in the passage and at her side was the biggest dog we had ever seen. The woman and the dog wore



*"I don't ask questions; all I know is that from time to time it starts raining money."*

exactly the same expression—a dedicated and destructive dislike of all other breathing things. We felt that we had been joined in our Mississippi cottage by the senior tracker-dog from the local chain-gang base.

"Get yourself a caroller, Mungo," she shouted.

We started our flight across the moorland. My father, well in the lead, shouted phrases in Welsh which he had learned from a sheep-farming uncle and which were supposed to neutralize the rage of dogs. It was a lacerating run. We headed without fail for every tussock over which we could be sent sprawling. And once down, the dog landed on you like a roof. We survived only because the hound was too excited to choose coolly which one of us he wanted to eat. It was the hard way of finding that there was in Meadow Prospect a dog

called Mungo and one human being who had renounced the final, feeble deviation of Scrooge.

Back in the kitchen we sat in a stupor of breathless outrage, sipping cocoa and nodding in time with the dramatic rush of our father's sobs.

When he recovered he raised his arm. "Now, let's get back across the Mason-Dixon line. Back to safety and a true, passive humility. And I hope Gough comes in to catch the whole lyric again."

And he gave us, in his sweet, yearning tenor, the first note of "Oh, I am so sorry that I was set free."

☆

"Babies Supplied for Mothercraft Tuition. Lifesize, Lifelike, Waterproof, Unique. Fully jointed."—*Teachers World*  
Scream at all?



## Keep Politics Spiritual

By J. B. BOOTHROYD

THE first New-Presidential year is just round the corner, and I hope we're not going to hear too much about Mr. Kennedy's neck. I don't see much wrong with his neck myself, or Mrs. Kennedy's either, come to that, but the fact is that its thickness was one of the many things, such as wealth and the Roman faith, which he was called on to justify during the campaign. Apparently Mr. Nixon's campaigners managed to dig up some old medical history—I've forgotten the details, not without a struggle—and the Democratic candidate had to explain that this neck-thickening complaint was nothing but a passing youthful ailment which had left his powers unimpaired except for a bit of trouble in the morning with badly-shrunk collars.

I wouldn't have mentioned all this except that most of us have a lingering taste of antiseptic on our palates from the Eisenhower period, particularly

from that testing time when we couldn't open a news magazine without coming on a diagram of the President's colon, flanked by the latest myocardiograph and photographs of a window in the Walter Reed Military Hospital. I think I speak for everyone when I say that we don't want another four years of this, and it seems to me that Heads of State everywhere must feel the same, not only on grounds of personal reticence but in the interests of world confidence as a whole. Mr. Khrushchev's well-known toothache, whether genuine or not, came as a bad shock to many, cutting him down at one stroke to the size of any man you might find yourself next to in the dentist's waiting-room, gloomily thumbing over a last year's copy of *Power Laundry, Dyeing and Cleaning News*. Your successful world-dominator needs to be above such things as gumboils and, unless told otherwise, the man in the street is

prepared to believe that he is. But a second point is that men of all nations are highly suggestible. When the headlines bear news of Hirschsprung's Disease in the more deeply-carpeted recesses of Whitehall or Washington Hirschsprung's Disease is what we all realize we've got. We only have to read that Signor Fanfani is undergoing a laminectomy and we all want one. This undermines the will and plays hell with productivity. In the ordinary way we try to forget that lurking discomfort in the digestive tract, and lose ourselves in our work; but if on a morning when it obtrudes particularly we open a paper at an artist's impression of fatty acids entering the Prime Minister's lymph channels, we can hardly be blamed for sending for the doctor and going back to bed.

What I would like to recommend, if anyone's paying any attention, is that Mr. Kennedy's health has a good going-over now, so that we can all forget about it, neck and all, and get on with the business of world peace, the export trade, space-flight, world church unity and all the other matters which are otherwise in for a setback every time some young Washington intern is seen near the White House.

What about that broken leg, for a start? I know I read somewhere that he broke a leg, and that the incident spoiled his chances of doing something, I forget what. It has been mentioned in articles about him. (No one's going to deny there have been articles about him?) What we haven't had, so far, is a clean bill of health on this leg, saying that it's as good as new, if not better. Let's have a statement now. I don't want to wait until he's on the way to a Summit, one day when as it happens my own leg feels funny, and suddenly get banner headlines everywhere: JACK'S LEG GOES AGAIN, OF KENNEDY'S PLANE TO CARRY SPARE LIMB. This is going to put my leg up for a week, and with it nothing but the gloomiest thoughts on the impending international *rapprochement*. (JACK LIMPS PAST LENIN'S TOMB: TALKS "STRAINED." Long illustrated article "By a Doctor" on *Thrombo-angietis Obliterans*, and shorter historical piece on whether this was what President Garfield died of.\*)

\*It wasn't. He was assassinated. But he could have had it.

Has anyone here noticed Kennedy's eyes? They slope outwards and downwards, protrude slightly and are heavily lidded. I don't feel any particular alarm over the actual way the eyes are set in the face; nature has varying whims of distribution with the features of the human face, and when you think of the complex processes that go on in most wombs it's really quite wonderful that we end up with all these features on the correct side of the head. All the same, I think a reassuring pronouncement by some exophthalmic-goitre specialist would be a good thing; he might like to weigh the lids at the same time, and say whether or not they are "heavy" by ordinary standards. They're probably perfectly all right. All I'm saying is that we don't want the President of the U.S. to have his eyes done up in a bandage just when he's wanted

to study space-satellite photographs of Chinese rocket-installations and give a casting vote on military intervention. Still less do we want the papers full of pictures of him feeling his way round control-rooms with a white stick just when our own maroons are going off. That's how a nation's moral stamina gets sapped.

I shan't go on. I don't want to alarm anyone, including Mr. Kennedy, and I hope the point is made. Mind you, I think his hair grows in a funny way, and I wouldn't like to swear, from the photographs, that he hasn't got a good many more teeth than the average, but he's young—*Time* magazine cover portraits, which are particularly good of the neck, show many fewer than the expected number of trunk-rings—and I'm pretty sure, personally, that he's a fit man. I just need assurance. If we

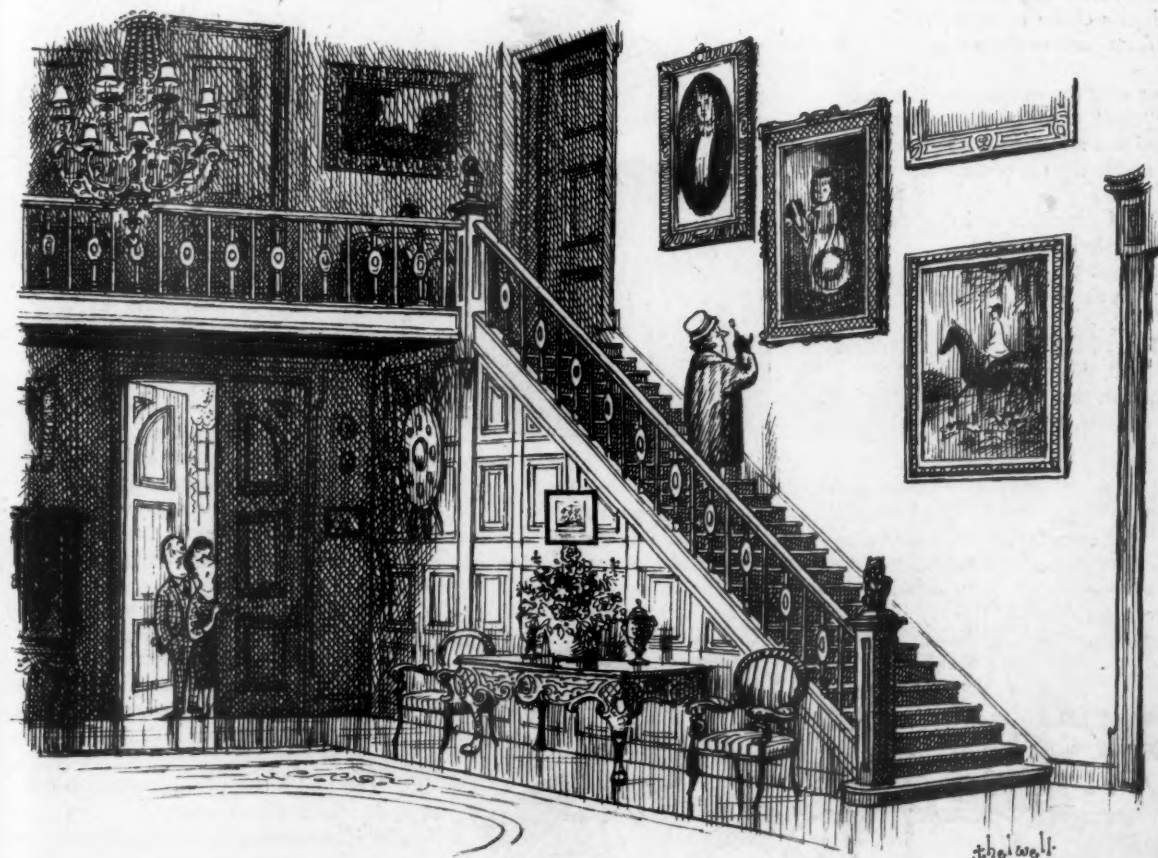
could have a really comprehensive Walter Reed bulletin on or about January 1st, and not another word about his neck or anything else until the end of 1964, that would satisfy me completely.

As an afterthought I think I'm wrong about the eyes. I mean, *Mrs.* Kennedy's are set so wide apart you could get another one in between. But it would be a nasty complaint and I hope she doesn't get it.

☆

"By natural methods Yoga will show you how to gain control of these glands: thyroid, parathyroids, pituitary, adrenals and gonads to give you a perfectly balanced metabolism—sparkling, radiant health! Written in simple everyday language ese home-tram etetInTH: mmw threse home-treatment lessons require only five minutes of your daily time."—*Rhodesia Herald*

But how long to learn the language?



"She knows perfectly well we're not open to the public."

# In An Austrian Hospital



HERE in this little Austrian town  
I lie upon my bed  
And watch the snow come floating down  
Out of a sky of lead.

The crucifix upon the wall  
Its silent figure bears.  
I hear a clatter in the hall,  
A murmur on the stairs,

And now the smiling nun is come.  
"Grüss Gott," she says to me,  
And sets a little flask of rum  
Beside my jug of tea.

Well, I am warm and dry, at least.  
Clearly it is absurd  
To think the blizzard on the *piste*  
Was much to be preferred.

That, all the same, is what I think.  
Well, this must be endured.  
At least, they bring me rum to drink . . .  
At least, I was insured.



THE crows are dressed as if for church;  
They seem too staid to fly.  
Like vultures on the roof they perch,  
Waiting for me to die.

I think I shall not die as yet;  
I do not hear the call.  
I smoke an Austrian cigarette  
And watch the snowflakes fall.

The windows of the *Krankenhaus*  
Are blind with stony doom . . .  
A sudden snatch of Josef Strauss  
Sounds from a neighbouring room;

The crows adjust their sable hoods  
And rise against the snow.  
"More Tales from the Vienna Woods!"  
They grumble as they go.

THE snowflakes fall, and on the roof  
Remains a single bird.  
Suddenly, by him, as he sits  
Racking his pinions and his wits,  
The imprint of a cloven hoof  
Appears, a trifle blurred.

The wicked crow, as black as sin,  
Glares with astonished eyes.  
Loosing with his departing toe  
A little avalanche of snow,  
He flaps away towards the Inn  
With harsh, despairing cries.

Was it his master's voice he heard,  
His master's form he saw?  
Upon my wall the crucifix  
Guards me from all such fiendish tricks,  
Preserves me from the ghostly bird  
And his atrocious claw.

The bird was surely damned, and that  
Is all I care to learn.  
The snowflakes, trickling from the sky,  
Smooth out the cloven print, and I  
Read the *Tiroler Tagesblatt*  
With stolid unconcern.

**M**Y soul, why art thou ill at ease?  
Whence comes this sense of doom?  
The old retainer takes my skis  
And bears them from the room.

Let him depart. They were not mine,  
Those ancient skis he bore.  
A bone is broken in my *Bein*,  
And I shall ski no more.

He bears them to the shadowy shop,  
And I shall be repaid.  
Why is it, then, my heart goes hop,  
As if I were dismayed?

When he returns at last—ah, then!  
Then, should I tip him twenty,  
Or should I only give him ten,  
And would he think it plenty?

Here I must lie in bitter dole,  
Racking my anguished brains  
To penetrate the Austrian soul  
And guess what it contains.



**T**HE doctor comes and says "Good-bye!"  
A day or two ago  
I puzzled out the reason why:  
He means to say "Hello."

He asks me if this leg is mine,  
This plaster leg he sees.  
I tell him it is doing fine,  
And he, of course, agrees.

"*Gut*," he remarks; "*doch, das ist gut*."  
His face is wise and droll.  
He asks, "Is this your other foot?"  
And I reply, "*Jawohl*."

He asks me "*Tut es Ihnen Weh?*"  
His eyes are kind, though small.  
"Only the one I broke," I say.  
"The other, not at all."

As through the door I watch him go,  
He turns to smile again,  
And most politely says "Hello!"  
Meaning, "*Auf wiederseh'n*."



**O**H, how mysterious is this tall, dark maid!  
She looks about her with a rueful glance  
As if to seek some gem she has mislaid.  
Mislaid a gem she has; its name was Hans.

She sent him packing, so she tells me, when  
She found one day his morals were amiss.  
Beaming, she tells me there are no good men . . .  
The merest infant could have told her this.

And so, deluded girl, she lost her chance.  
Now she will have to wait until, once more,  
There dawns upon her life another Hans,  
No worse, no better, than the one before.

Now she considers women are accurst;  
An attitude most damping to romance.  
She might as well have opted for the first,  
Rather than waiting for the second Hans.



**I** SHALL not see the Tyrolean spring.  
I lie in bed and watch the snowflakes fall;  
For months, as yet, the cuckoo will not call,  
And I shall be in London when the swing  
Of seasons brings the buttercups and all.

People who hear the thumping of my foot  
Will cower against the wall and bite their thumbs,  
Like Leporello when the statue comes  
My plaster, darkening with the London soot,  
Will greet the springtime like a roll of drums.

And in the summer, when at last I shed  
This heavy load, the gentle English rain  
Will bring me, now and then, a twinge of pain—  
And it will be as if I lay in bed  
And watched the Austrian snowflakes fall again.

— R. P. LISTER



## Strange Tale

## From Long Ago

by R. G. G. Price

**T**HERE was a little King in Thetford called Peverel VIII and he had three daughters. Otis floated like a swan on white waters and Myra-Anne washed her face in curds and collected topaz and Phluta was for ever and always taking baskets of nectarines and honey and salmon flesh to the hermits who lived in the Breckland. Now at the same time there lived in Minehead a rich woodcutter called Goodman Adamsbody, who grew and waxed and throve by hewing tall timbers for the figureheads of the caravels that sailed the Bristol Channel. He had three sons. The tallest, Fountain, cut Somerset oak. The middling one, Herewath, cut silver ash. The smallest, Wee Pepin, cut briar. And in those days the whole heart and centre of the land lay prey to the ravages of a herd of Giant Warthogs, known to the peasants as Old Husk and his Gang but to the gentry and upwards as The Covey.

One day Peverel VIII sent his Crier to the market-place of Lichfield to proclaim that the Princess Otis was of age to marry and would wed any stranger of noble birth or ample fortune who could balance the world on a darning-needle or answer the Riddle of the Spheres. A year later, no suitor having wound his horn without the castle walls, he sent his Crier to the market-place of Lincoln to proclaim that the Princess Myra-Anne was of age to marry and would wed any stranger who could find truffles or sing a dirge. A year after that, suitors still being as lacking as an Archdeacon's bishopric, the little king sent his Crier to the market-place of Bridgwater to proclaim that the Princess Phluta was of age to marry and would wed any

stranger who took the trouble to ask for her hand.

Now it happened that Goodman Adamsbody was taking his ease in Bridgwater, as it was his custom to do every St. Maugre's Day, and when he heard the proclamation he thought it offered a way of providing for Wee Pepin, whose woodcutting, never neat, was becoming ragged. So he skipped back to his low-beamed cottage and Wee Pepin became quite excited by the prospect of walking down the aisle of some noble fane on the arm of a Princess and invited both his brothers to be his groomsmen and his father to give him away and his godmother, the Prioress Aegliva, to sing a contralto solo. Packing his goods in a small but sufficient bandana, Wee Pepin took a tearful farewell of Dunkery Beacon and the Brendon Hills and the Quantocks

and the Mendips and set off with the longest stride he could muster. And as he walked towards his fortune he sang:

Under the juniper tree  
I'll lay me down and dee.

Hey for maids that prance in a ring  
As I turn my back on the sea.

It was late when he came to Devizes and a curious, ominous mist hung upon the scarlet rooftops. Part of the way he had ridden on a hay-wain and part upon the crupper of an exciseman's palfrey, but yet he was tired and his tiny legs ached and his throat was full of yawns. He stayed at an alehouse that let him sleep by the stove in return for polishing the emeralds. The next morning he rose with the sun and sang for his breakfast along the Kennet valley. It was just past Pewsey that he heard a snuffling and a scratching and a rasping



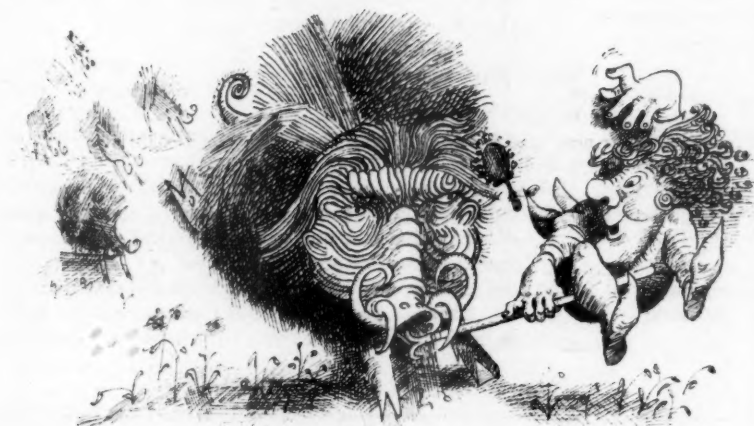
and a thumping and knew Old Husk was on the other side of the hedge.

Wee Pepin was not unprepared for feats of bravery. He had known all along that to cross the country was no task for cravens or goose-livers or chill-spines or curdle-guts but a task for sinewy, stout-brained woodcutters and, perhaps, for the Constable of England. He was armed with a small boat-hook, given him long since in part-payment for a figurehead on a coracle, and he girded his wits and waited to give battle. But the enemy did not attack. Wee Pepin knew he would never cease to hang his head in scarlet shame if he

doves circling his golden hair in the crystal light. She sang, as she added a jar of potted carp:

My love lent me a rose  
To keep him in my heart.  
Like rivers flowing to the sea  
So shall he and I soon be.  
And never shall we part.

Her sisters, overhearing her sweet strain from their bower, were wroth and turned mustard with jealousy and planned how they might encompass her ruin. So they made haste to saddle the mare Hrowsing and rode towards St. Neots, where there lived a renowned enchanter. In his hovel they weighed



did not taunt him, so in a quavering voice he sang:

O foul and ludicrous one,  
O negligible warthog,  
You are less to be reckoned with  
Than the footpads of Wantage.

There was a silence and then the hedge was rapidly eaten away and a vast beast glared out at him. Its tusks were covered with foam. Its lips writhed in an unhealthy frenzy. Its eyes glared redly and from its throat came a noise like rending teak. Behind it Wee Pepin could see a rapid gathering of dim forms and the stench seared his nostrils.

Meanwhile in Thetford the Princess Phluta filled her basket yet again and thought wistfully of the Prince that would surely even now be riding to claim her, sitting his high jennet like a Roman and the sun gleaming on his greaves and pennant and the silvery

down his crafty hands with gold and received from him a potion which had the magic property of making her who swallowed it fall in love with the most ill-favoured beast she encountered during a day and a night and a day.

Dexterously wielding his boathook Wee Pepin caught Old Husk's chin in a firm grip and ran ahead of him. The great beast tried to shake him off but the boathook was stout and Wee Pepin fleet. He had another dodge up his sleeve. Among his possessions was a small mirror of burnished pewter. Swiftly he attached this to his coat-tails. Old Husk saw another warthog facing him and charged. Wee Pepin swung up his legs and perched on the handle of the boathook, now firmly wedged among the unwieldy creature's jowls and sticking out along the road. With a bit of manœuvring and a bit of trickery and a bit of flyness, Wee

Pepin guided Old Husk the way he wished to go and as the miles towards Thetford grew fewer so did Old Husk's feet flag and droop and thus also did the feet of the herd that followed him in blind submission to his leadership.

Now when the Lady Phluta drank the potion she sped out along the white highway to find something ill-favoured enough for her to love. She met an Abbot in a jewelled litter but he had a nobility about his nose that lost him her embraces. She met a curvetting pony with a white mane and pearly harness and silvered hooves and her heart did not lift with joy at the sight of it but she felt "Alackaday, where shall I find the monster that I seek?" Her problem was answered at Leighton Buzzard. She was resting under a clump of tall elms when round the corner came Wee Pepin pursued by Old Husk and the herd. Ignoring the mannikin she threw herself on Old Husk and kissed him passionately; whereupon he sulkily turned into a Prince.

"Pray remove this boathook from my lower jaw," he said coldly to Wee Pepin. To the Princess he said "It was to avoid the importunities of high-born maidens that I bade the enchanter of St. Neots change me into a creature of repulsive mien. Now, I suppose, I am fairly caught and shall have to marry you. I rather fancy you will find me a difficult spouse."

The potion seemed to have completed its mission and the Princess was content to wed the handsome gallant who now stood before her. Hand in hand the hapless couple walked to the smithy and commanded a bridal coach to be built. Wee Pepin, left the centre of a disconsolate circle of warthogs, sadly drew the moral from his adventures, as Frenchmen draw the sting from honey-bees: STEER CLEAR OF BLIND DATES.



# Inquisition For Idiot

## A Quiz for Holiday Households

### Words, Words, Words

1. Six distinguished poets have collaborated to produce the following verse. Can you identify them?  
Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white,  
It is a beauteous evening, calm and free.  
Now fades the glimmering landscape from the sight . . .  
The quarrel of the universe let be!  
Pour out the wine without restraint or stay!  
I think I will not hang myself to-day.
2. A man walks round and round in a circle until he is dizzy and falls to the ground. From the position in which he falls, and the direction he faces, prognostications are made. What is the name for this kind of divination?
3. This is the dictionary definition of what?  
"To or towards a point or place higher than another and lying directly (or almost directly) above it."
4. Say this in six words:  
"In the majority of instances members of the fair sex who have not as yet attained the age of forty are of a capricious nature or disposition."
5. What are the popular nicknames for men called (a) Murphy; (b) Miller; (c) Thompson; (d) Clark; (e) Wilson; (f) White?

### Up the Airy Mountain

1. From what mountains was it that Arethusa arose from her couch of snows, from cloud and from crag, with many a jag?
2. Which is the monarch of mountains (they crowned him long ago)?
3. Which mountain saw the fire that burned on Gaunt's embattled pile?
4. Which mountain was drowned as deep as a Mendip mine?
5. Which two mountains had stolen the poet's soul away?
6. On what mountains worked a frugal swain?

### One for the Road

What road—

1. is it good to be out on, and going one knows not where?
2. do we take for lust of knowing what should not be known?
3. did a rider leave his wig and hat on?
4. did the writer take quit of my youth and you . . . as a free man may do?
5. did seven men go rolling down, drunk and raising Cain?
6. was taken dressed to the nines and drinking, and light in heart and limb?

It has been said that most comic artists tend to draw themselves in their pictures. Here is a jumbled-up miscellany of drawings (numbered 1-8) and photographs of the artists responsible (lettered A-H). All you have to do is to decide which artists did which drawings.



A



B

1



2



3



# Idle Minds

## The Birds and the Bees

1. Whom did Zeus woo in the guise of
  - (a) a swan
  - (b) a shower of gold
  - (c) a bull
  - (d) Artemis
  - (e) her husband?
2. Who, owing to the vagaries of their sex-life, found themselves transformed into
  - (a) a cow
  - (b) a reed
  - (c) a bear
  - (d) a laurel
  - (e) an owl?

## Without Dictionaries

1. Zechstein is
  - (a) A make of piano
  - (b) A mineral deposit
  - (c) A place in Austria
  - (d) The inventor of the lidded beer-mug

2. Zampogna means
  - (a) A Portuguese onion
  - (b) An ailment of the kidney
  - (c) An Italian bagpipe
  - (d) A native of Zampogni (f.)

3. Zimocca could be
  - (a) Drunk with the port
  - (b) Used in the bath
  - (c) Applied to snake-bites
  - (d) Mixed with oil-paints

4. Zanella is used for
  - (a) Covering umbrellas
  - (b) Dancing to
  - (c) Coating glossy paper
  - (d) Toughening leather

5. Zamouse is
  - (a) A rude word in West Africa
  - (b) A sort of shrew
  - (c) A bamboo awning
  - (d) A short-horned buffalo

6. Zimb is
  - (a) An Abyssinian insect
  - (b) An Egyptian detergent
  - (c) A Mexican conjuror
  - (d) A term in jazz



## Without Atlases

1. What counties are next-but-one to Warwickshire?
2. (a) Is Folkestone north of Taunton?  
(b) Is Winchester west of Worsop?  
(c) Is Newhaven west of Lough?  
(d) Is Sheffield nearer to Bedford or South Shields?
3. (a) Would a crow flying from Birmingham to Tunis cross the French coast east or west of Dieppe?  
(b) Would a crow flying from Madrid to Moscow cross Switzerland?  
(c) Should a crow flying from Dublin to Bucharest and flagging over Brno go on or go back?  
(d) If one crow flies from Jaffa to Mandalay and another from Constantinople to Calcutta, where will their paths cross?
4. Are the following in the Tropics?  
(a) Pitcairn Island  
(b) Hong Kong  
(c) Havana  
(d) Mafeking
5. What European countries have capitals south of Rome?
6. Is Samoa east or west of the International Date Line?

## A Filmed Dozen

Add the numbers "One" to "Twelve" to the following passage of surrealist verse:

Night. Seven o'clock.  
Angry these brides  
(oceans of love  
men-headed girls)  
spy the brothers  
walk the bridges  
to "The Feathers"  
—cross the Commandments  
for pennies.



You will now have enough words to reconstruct the titles of twelve films, each containing one of the numbers from one to twelve. (Only two are comparatively unmemorable.)

## The Name's the Same

What is the common surname in these groups of three?

1. (a) A riot of fun for doctors  
(b) Runs riot in a Sunday newspaper column  
(c) Riots were named after him
2. (a) A disguised queen  
(b) An explosive actor  
(c) An honest politician
3. (a) He founded a gallery  
(b) Qualifies (just) for Poets' Gallery  
(c) He amused gallery, pit and stalls
4. (a) Pillar of *Punch*  
(b) One of the six pillars of lunacy  
(c) Pillar of Reformation
5. (a) Noted for his quiet prose  
(b) Noted for his quiet funeral  
(c) Noted for his quiet and loud melodies
6. (a) Café proprietor who founded big money institution  
(b) Controls our money  
(c) Was in the money for comedy

## Personalities of the Year

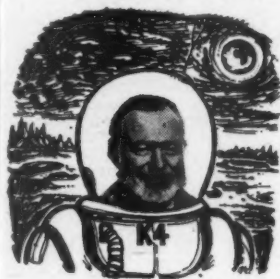
1. He rose from the waves to fly.
2. Opened a distinguished door until he was shown it.
3. This *Donna* was distinctly *mobile*.
4. She came with Bhumiopol.
5. He brought an East Coast whiff to the safest deposit.
6. They went to outer space and came back. Two names, please.
7. He went to a sort of outer space, and didn't come back.
8. Withdrew in the face of Canon fire.

## Intellectuals' Corner

1. In each of the following lists, all those named have something in common, with one exception: who is the odd one out, and what is it the others share?  
(a) Richard Hoggart, John Connell, J. W. Lambert, Somerset Maugham, Noel Annan, Dilys Powell, Stephen Potter, Janet Adam Smith.  
(b) Marshal Tito, V. I. Lenin, Anton Dolin, Desiderius Erasmus, Luisa Tetrizzini, Nellie Melba.  
(c) Thelonious Monk, Dave Brubeck, Glenn Gould, Count Basie, Earl Hines, Duke Ellington.  
(d) Bill Brewer, Jan Stewer, Peter Gurney, Peter Davy, Daniel Whidden, Harry Hawke, Mortimer Wheeler.
2. (a) What are the common names for (i) pyrexia, (ii) epistaxis?  
(b) If your doctor prescribed a *coch. amp.* of brandy, how much would you expect to get?
3. Distinguish between: Caramac, Pakamac, Syriac, Kerouac.

Answers will be found on page 906

Showing what SF writers can learn from the past



## Hemingway in Space

By KINGSLEY AMIS

THE woman watched him and he made another sweep. There was nothing again but he knew one of them was around. It got so you always knew. After twenty years got so you always knew when one of them was around.

"Anything?"

"Not yet."

"I thought you could tell just where to find these things," he said. "I thought we hired you because you could take us straight to one of these things. I thought that was why we hired you."

"Easy now, Martha," the young fellow said. "Nobody can find xeeb where there aren't any xeeb, not even Mr. Hardacre. We'll come across one any minute now."

She moved away from the three of them at the instrument panel and her thighs were arrogant under the tight space pants. You bitch, Philip Hardacre thought suddenly. You goddam, bored, boring, senseless bitch. He felt sorry for the young fellow. He was a pretty nice young fellow and here he was married to this goddam senseless bitch and it looked like he was too afraid of her to tell her to get the hell out although you knew he wanted to.

"I feel him near," the old Martian said, turning the bigger and more grizzled of his two heads towards Philip Hardacre. "We shall see him soon now."

The woman leaned against the ship's side and stared out the port. "I can't think why you have to go hunting these nonstrosities. Two days it's been since we left and we could have been in Venusport all that while instead of cooped up in this steel jalopy a couple of light years from civilization. What's so good about getting a xeeb even if you do get one? What does it prove, getting a xeeb?"

"The xeeb is the largest life-form in this part of the galaxy." The young fellow was a school professor or something like that and you could tell it from the way he spoke. "More than that it's the only sentient creature living out here in free space and it's ferocious, it's been known to take on a scout ship. It's the toughest damn thing there is. That's it, isn't it?"

"That's part of it," Philip Hardacre said. There was that although there was much more, the freedom out there and the stars against the black and the men small in their suits and afraid and yet not afraid and even the xeeb small in the vastness and the cool joy if the xeeb was a good one.

"He comes," the old Martian said in his whistling tones, his smaller head bent towards the screen. "See, lady."

"I don't want to see," she said, turning her back. It was a deadly insult under the ancient Martian code of honour and she knew it and Philip Hardacre knew she knew it and there was hate in his throat but there was no time now for hate.

He got up from the panel. There was no doubt about it. An amateur could have taken the blip for an asteroid or another ship but after twenty years you knew immediately. "Suit up," he said. "Spaceside in three minutes."

He helped the young fellow with the helmet and what he had been dreading happened, the Martian had taken out his own suit and was stiffly putting his rear pair of legs into it. He went over to him and put his hand between the two necks in the traditional gesture of appeal. "This is not your hunt, Ghlmu," he said in the archaic Martian courtly tongue.

"I am still strong and he is big and he comes fast."

"I know it, but this is not your hunt. Old ones are hunted more than they hunt."

"All my eyes are straight and all my hands are tight."

"But they are slow and they must be quick. Once they were quick but now they are slow."

"Har-dasha, it is thy comrade who asks thee."

"My blood is yours as in all the years, it is only my thought that must seem cruel, old one. I will hunt without you."

"Hunt well, Har-dasha, then. I await you always," the old creature said, using the ritual formula of acquiescence.

"Are we going to shoot this goddam whale or not?" The woman's voice was shrill. "Or are you and that thing going on whistling at each other all night?"

He turned on her savagely. "You're out of this. You're staying right here where you belong. Put that blaster back on the rack and take off that space-suit and start making food. We'll be back in half an hour."

"Don't you give me orders, you bum. I can shoot as well as any man and you won't stop me."

"Around here I say what everybody does and they do it." Over her shoulder he could see the Martian hanging up his suit and his throat went dry. "If you try to get in that airlock with us we head right back to Venus."

"I'm sorry, Martha, you'll have to do as he says," the young fellow said.

The two big Wyndham-Clarke blasters were ready primed

and he set them both at maximum while they stood in the airlock and waited for the air to go. Then the outer door slid into the wall and they were out there in the freedom and the vastness and the fear that was not fear. The stars were very cold and it was black between the stars. There were not many stars and the black was vast where there were no stars. The stars and the black together were what gave the freedom. Without the stars or without the black there would not have been the freedom, only the vastness, but with the stars and the black you had the freedom as well as the vastness. The stars were few and the light from them was small and cold and around them there was the black.

He spoke to the young fellow over the suit radio. "Can you see him? Towards that big star with the small companion."

"Where?"

"Look where I'm pointing. He hasn't spotted us yet."

"How does he spot us?"

"Never mind that. Now listen. Each swoop he makes, give him one shot. Just one. Then go forward on your suit jet fast as you can. That confuses him more than lateral movement."

"You told me."

"I'm telling you again. One shot. He homes on your shot. Get ready, he's seen us, he's turning."

The great beautiful phosphorescent shape narrowed as it came head-on to them, then appeared to swell. The xeeb was closing fast, as fast as any he'd known. It was a big, fast xeeb and likely to be a good one. He'd be able to tell for sure after the first swoop. He wanted the xeeb to be a good one for the young fellow's sake. He wanted the young fellow to have a good hunt with a good, big, fast xeeb.

"Fire in about fifteen seconds, then jet," Philip Hardacre



"...cool twenty thou...please don't worry, I'm sure it won't stain...mainly by cutting out bread and potatoes...early frost's liable to nip them, of course...couldn't've cost a penny less than fifty quid...sure you two will have a lot in common...then I was in plaster for three months...well, just a drop then...two under fours coming to the seventeenth...Keith, please! He's looking at us...Mr. Weaver exports things...emery paper usually shifts it...you've already had one for the road...try sprinkling a little round the roots...looks as if she's been poured into it, ha ha ha...but have you seen the kitchen?...Well, just a drop then...screaming down the Barnet By-pass at ninety plus...the hell with circulating. I like this corner...so this chap turned to the stripper and...now you're spilling it all down your tie...left with a four-footer for the match...I was under the anaesthetic until three o'clock...she is? again?..."

said. "And you won't have too long before his next swoop, so be ready."

The xeeb closed and the young fellow's shot arced in. It was too early to be a good shot and it barely flicked the tail end. Philip Hardacre waited as long as he dared and fired toward the hump where the main ganglia were and jetted without waiting to see where he had hit.

It was a good xeeb all right. From the way its phosphorescence had started to pulsate you could tell it had been hit somewhere in the nervous system or what passed for that but within seconds it had turned and begun another great beautiful graceful swoop on the two men. This time the young fellow held his fire a little longer and got in a good shot near the hump and jetted as he had been told. But then the xeeb dropped in the way they did once in a hundred times and xeeb and man were almost on each other. There was nothing for Philip Hardacre to do but empty his Wyndham-Clarke all at once in the hope that the loosing of so much energy would get the xeeb to change its mind and home on him instead. Then he was jetting forward at top speed and calling over the suit radio to make for the ship at once.

"It puffed something at me and I lost my blaster," came the young fellow's voice.

"Make for the ship."

"We won't get there, will we?"

"We can try. You may have damaged him enough with that last shot to slow him down or spoil his sense of direction," Philip Hardacre said. He already knew that it was all over for them. The xeeb was only a few miles above them and beginning to turn for a fresh swoop, moving slower but not slow enough. The ship was above them too in the other direction. This was what you faced every time you hunted xeeb and when it happened at last it was just the end of the hunt and the end of the freedom and the vastness and they would have had to end some time.

There was a long arc of light from the ship and the xeeb was suddenly brighter than ever before for an instant and then the brightness went out and there was nothing there.

The Martian had fallen into a crouching position in the airlock and the third Wyndham-Clarke was still in his pincers. The two men waited for the outer door to close and the air to flood in.

"Why didn't he put on his suit?" said the young fellow.

"There wasn't time. He had about a minute to save us. A Martian suit takes much longer than that to put on."

"What would have got him first, the cold?"

"Airlessness. They respire quickly. Five seconds at most. Just enough to aim and fire." He was quick after all, Philip Hardacre thought.

Inside, the woman was waiting for them. "What happened?"

"He's dead, of course. He got the xeeb."

"Did he have to get himself killed doing it?"

"There was one weapon on board and one place to use it from," Philip Hardacre said. Then his voice went quiet.

"Why are you still wearing your space-suit?"

"I wanted to get the feel of it. And you said to take it off."

"Why couldn't you have taken the gun into the airlock?"

Her eyes went dull. "I didn't know how the lock worked."

"But Ghlmu did. He could have operated it from in here. And you can shoot, or so you said."

"I'm sorry."



"Have you something a little stronger? He's very tall."

"Sorry I like," the young fellow said. He didn't sound like a school professor now, or afraid of her. "Sorry brings back that old guy as alive as ever he was, doesn't it? Sorry is about the best I ever heard. And sorry is something else too. Sorry as all hell is how I'll feel when I drop you off in Venusport and take the shuttle to Earth by myself. You like Venusport, don't you? Well, here's your chance to get lost in it."

Philip Hardacre finished composing the old Martian's limbs and appendages and muttered as much as he knew of the prescribed incantation. "Forgive me," he said.

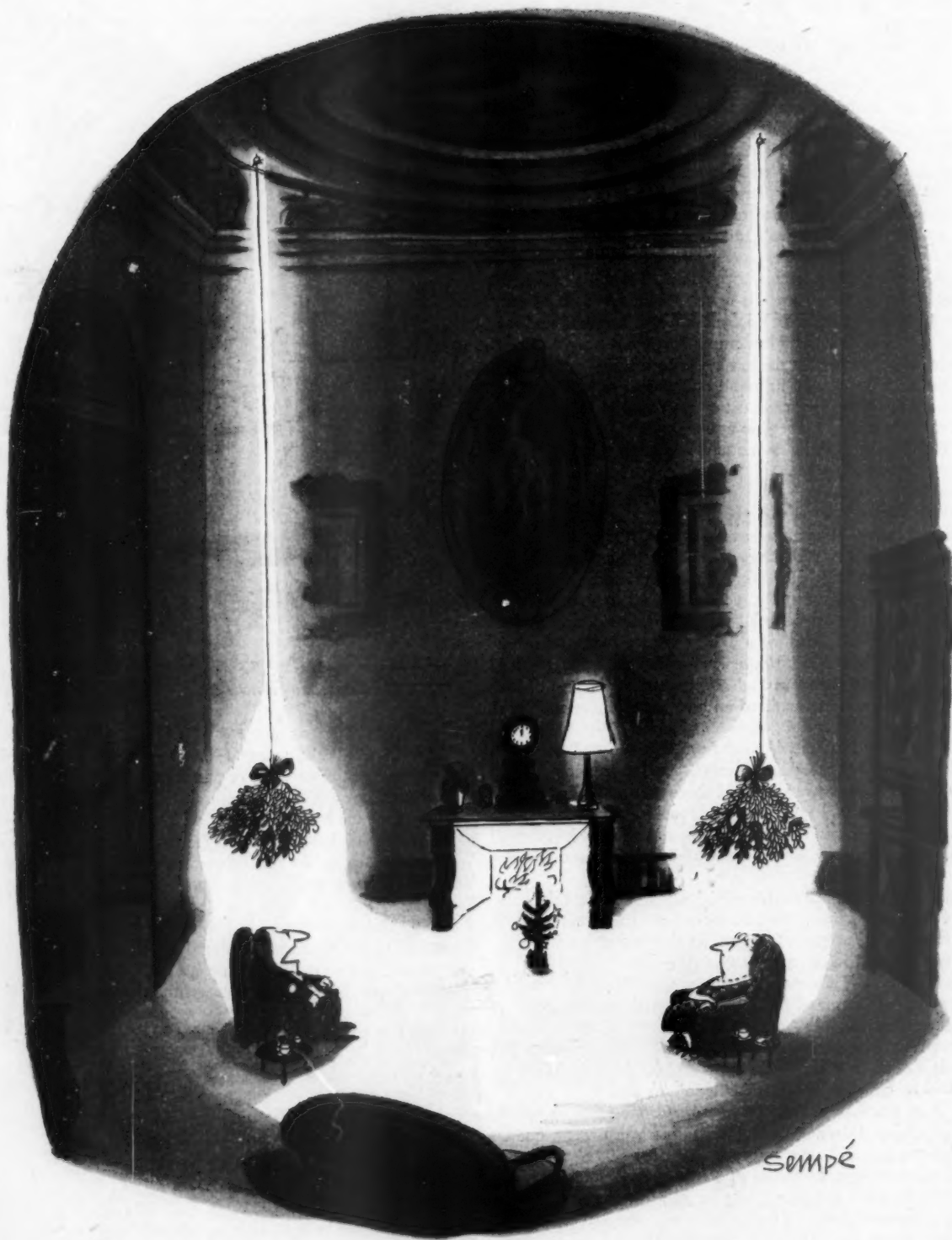
"Get supper," the young fellow said to the woman. "Right away."

"This was your hunt," Philip Hardacre said to his friend's body.

☆

"The Navy's first guided missile destroyer, Devonshire, of over 5,000 tons, which is to be launched to-day by Princess Alexandra at Cammell Laird's yard, Birkenhead. She will be armed with both Sealug and Seacat missiles and is expected to join the fleet in 1962."—Picture caption, Daily Telegraph

Any champagne?



"It's your turn!"

# For the Right Man

By H. F. ELLIS

THREE pages of my newspaper this morning are devoted to advertisements for what I suppose, broadly speaking, should be called technologists. These are large advertisements, each in its own ruled box, and mostly begin with some such flat pronouncement in bold black capitals as PRODUCTION DIRECTOR or SEMICONDUCTOR RECTIFIERS. Often they give quite lengthy accounts of the kind of work the man they want will have to do and of the kind of man they want to do it. Utterly unfitted though I am to apply for a single job advertised in these three pages, or for any of the opportunities offered to Structural Designers, Engineering Draughtsmen, Assistant Research Chemists, Electrical Consultants and Miniature Transformer Designers in the further page and a half of small ads. with which my paper favours me, I find in them none the less a kind of eerie fascination. Such a busy, bizarre, unknown, thrusting world opens up before one as one reads.

Two things especially about this world, apart from its rich and strange variety, astonish me. The first is that it seems to be in constant need of top, or near-top, men. That it should have to send out calls for Jig and Tool Draughtsmen en masse, for Heating and Ventilating Engineers (possessing O.N.C. or equivalent), for a Plastics Technologist aged 25-35 (experience of Elastomers essential), for Science Graduates and Assistant Metallurgists and an Assistant Chemist of degree standard "for interesting and varied work in connection with Paper Manufacture and high pressure Boiler Plant" (the capitals are not mine), I can readily understand. In the expanding field of technological research and development the demand for promising young recruits from the universities grows apace. But what is all this about Production Directors and General Managers and Chief Project Engineers? Why the public cry from a firm in Sheffield for a Deputy Works Manager with a wide knowledge of machining and assembly operations and of batch production in

precision engineering? Is there nobody already in the firm and eager for promotion who is "enthusiastic, flexible and progressive" and possesses the "evident qualities of leadership" required for this attractive post? Has "a large Company in the North West" no one at all in its ranks with the organizing ability, drive, technical know-how and polymer chemistry background considered essential in the Plastics Research Manager it so urgently needs? And if that be indeed the case, if it is really necessary to go outside, is there no bush telegraph, no central gossip-house for top technologists, where the talk is all of men with first-class backgrounds in mass and flow production, known to be dissatisfied with the pre-production planning, work-study, machine and tool design and manufacture on which they are at present engaged, and likely to make just the Deputy Chief Production Engineer required for a Group of factories in the East Midlands engaged on automotive engineering? It seems to me, in my naive way, extraordinary that when a

Production Director is wanted for a Company in the food industry manufacturing nationally advertised products ("Applicants should at present be earning not less than about £3500"), it should be necessary to *advertise*. Doesn't old G— know of someone? Surely Sir H— could have helped? Has nobody any nephews nowadays?

The second astonishing thing about these advertisements, given the astonishing fact that they are necessary, is that some of the posts ever get filled. One must assume that they do, or these firms that make such a point of flexibility and acumen would stop advertising. But I must say it often seems unlikely. It isn't that the jobs offered are by any means undesirable. I dare say if I weren't a tired old hack journalist I would as soon "take charge of a Direct-reading Ultra-violet Spectrometer of unique design" and develop methods for the analysis of steels, slags, sinters, etc.—an opportunity that is (or was) open to any young chap aged 24-28 with an Honours Degree in Physics and some experience



of research in Physical Methods of Analysis—as not. I am certainly not going to stand here and maintain that the chance to join “an important group actively engaged on research into the problems associated with integrated single crystal circuits” (in laboratories pleasantly situated in rural South Northants, what’s more) is one to be sneezed at by anybody with experience in semiconductor device design or fabrication. All I am trying to say is that—well, look, let me put it like this.

Suppose somebody in the old, fast-

shrinking non-scientific world wants an Assistant Master to teach History. “Wanted,” he says in his advt., “Assistant Master to teach History,” along come the usual crowd of just-made-it B.A.s with a smattering of French and Geography, and the post is filled. There is no difficulty there. But in this scientific and technological world they are so *choosy*. “CERAMICISTS,” my newspaper demands, “to explore advanced functional packaging.” I never met a ceramicist, but if I did it is conceivable that he would turn out to

be keen to explore functional packaging? And here is an appeal for one or two decent types to investigate trypanosomiasis, schistosomiasis, onchocerciasis and parasitic nematodes in Ghana for a salary within the range £G1392 to £G2820. I can think of a lot of people who could do with £G2820, but I just can’t imagine anybody scanning this advertisement, pausing on the word “onchocerciasis” and saying “That’s it! That’s me!” Is it possible that at any given moment this small island is full of hydraulic engineers aged 28-32 with at least three years’ previous experience of coffer dams, of unemployed specialists in physical methods of analysis just longing to take charge of a Direct-reading Ultra-violet Spectrometer, of holders of a good Honours degree in Geography with subsidiary Zoology and/or Botany (preference given to applicants with research experience in biogeographical, bioclimatic or ecological studies) willing to analyse the life-cycles of locusts and grasshoppers for £1150 p.a. max.?

The answer of course is Yes. Merely to ask the question is to reveal how out of touch one is with the educational and sociological revolution that has swept over this country since the days when a university graduate’s knowledge of metallurgy was confined to the fact that Homer’s warriors used bronze, how hopelessly fuddy-duddy it is to think of scientists as a handful of white-coated figures bent over test-tubes in infrequent laboratories, and of technologists as a curious breed believed to occur in certain dark, Satanic regions of the Midlands and North. These specialists must be everywhere. Ceramicists with a love for packaging are probably two a penny (plus usual cost-of-living allowance, non-contributory pension scheme, etc.). That man opposite in the bus has very likely had at least six years’ experience of mass and flow production.

To have learned this elementary fact makes the labour of reading through four-and-a-half pages of technological advertisements well worth while. Even apart from the fact that I should otherwise have missed this moving entry in an advertisement for a General Manager in the North of Scotland. “The successful applicant,” it says, “must be prepared to live in Aberdeen. He will be paid a generous salary . . .”





## The Westminster Carol

WASSAIL, wassail, all over the realm!  
Our Commonwealth's safe while we've Mac at the helm,  
Our balance of payments is sound as can be—  
In the wassail bowl we'll drink unto thee.

Then here's to the Lords in their red-leather tiers—  
Pray God send them plenty of active new peers,  
Of active new peers drawn from eminent men,  
But *never* Lord Stans—I mean A. Wedgwood Benn.

Then here's to the Commons so proud and sedate—  
Pray God send them sittings of stirring debate,  
Of stirring debate full of smart repartee  
Which will help the back-benchers to get on TV.

Then here's to the Tories of Cabinet rank—  
Pray God send them lashings of true Tory swank,  
Of swank in affairs that have turned out so jammily  
For Britain at large and the Premier's family.

Then here's to both halves of the cracked Opposition—  
God send them a leader to heal up their fission,  
To heal up their fission and give them good sense  
About things like Clause Four and the nation's defence.

Wassail, wassail, all over the land!  
Our laws they are wise, and our Ministers bland,  
And our taxes won't be one iota the less  
When Parliament goes into Christmas recess.

— B. A. YOUNG



DAVID  
LONDON

## In the City



### Give Equities this Christmas

AT dinner the other evening the talk drifted round to Keynes and his remarkable aptitude for making money in bed. There is nothing, he once said, to equal the luxury of a late breakfast followed by a session on the 'phone with one's brokers. Over the cheese we were inclined to agree with the great man's dictum, though modestly confessing that few of us enjoyed the wherewithal and expertise to make practical emulation a remote possibility. Then a dear lady spoke in defiant self-comfort. "Never mind," she said. "I've got a few Fords. Yes, and I bought them all by myself, without *anybody's* advice. And d'you know what I'm going to do with them? Promise you won't say a word to him: I'm going to give them to Henry for Christmas." We promised.

Now it seems to me that the dear lady has hit upon the ideal solution to the problem of the moment. For the man or woman who, as the ads say, "has everything" what could be more amusingly acceptable on Christmas morning than a stocking-full of gift-wrapped stocks or shares? "How absolutely gorgeous!" says the recipient. "How did you know they're exactly what I wanted? I've always wanted Rugby Portland Cement!"

There are, of course, shares to suit all purses. The important thing is to make your gift reflect the festive season. Don't give something that he (or she) would buy for himself in the ordinary course of business. Be original and madly gay.

I mean don't give Dad Government Stock, Banks or H.P. Finance shares: give him something a little more speculative and dashing like Japanese '07s or Russian Loans, a bundle of Golds to include Welkom, Ofsits, Harmony, Winkels and Johnnies, and watch his tired old face light up.

For Mum I recommend Pearls, Royals, Sun Life, Prudentials and any other good insurance shares, topped up with a flattering assortment of Stores—Debenhams, say, Swears, United Drapery, Gussies and Army and Navy.

Aunts are always a problem. Try them with a few Tea shares, and such old tobacco favourites as Imps, Dunhills, Carreras and Gallahers. The younger set will bless you for whatever you can

afford in Unit Trusts, and here the choice seems endless. I find that M. & G., Orthodox, Unicorn, Scotbits and Shield always go down (sorry, I mean up) very well with people on the fringe of matrimony, and practical young men very naturally find a few Electricals such as E.M.I., Decca, Pye, Cossor and E. K. Cole unusually exciting.

As a matter of fact (and in all fairness, I must admit, without "Lombard Lane's" permission) I am putting together this year a few family hampers, presents for the whole family. They come in three grades: "Luxury," "No. 2 Selected" and "Welfare" and for readers quite unable to make up their own minds what to give, these wicker-work portfolios should be something of a boon. Details are appended.

### Luxury Share Hamper

Contains: two dozen assorted car shares; two dozen Distillers and Sandeman Ordinaries; dozen Harvey's Preference; half-dozen Austin Reed Ordinaries, and a selection of first-class hotel debentures. Packed in silver casket, with greetings card. 3,000 guineas, post free.

### No. 2 Selection

Contains: dozen assorted grocery shares—Cerebos, Bovril, H.P. Sauce, Tate & Lyle, Typhoo, etc. (all Ordinaries); dozen Foreign Bonds and Rails (mixed). Packed in handsome oak veneer casket, with greetings card. £1,500, post extra.

### The Welfare

Contains: Half-dozen Cumulative Preference shares from Guinness, Bass, Charrington, Ansell's, Flowers, Friary, Ind Coope, Watney, Whitbread, etc.; half-dozen selective Trust units. Gift packed in plastic container, with greetings card. £175, post extra.

Send your cheques to me, please. On no account can money be refunded.

—BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



## In the Country

### Why Build Kitchens?

I HAVE written before in this column about the pernicious increase in the consumption of the anæmic flesh of the common fowl. The statistics I gave then were depressing enough. The Broiler Association had stated that they hoped that within a few years the Englishman's consumption of chicken would be increased from its present three per annum per head to something like the American's appetite, with each person devouring about forty fowls a year. As it is the greasy smell of barbecue chicken affronts one at every street corner in London, and if one dines out one is pretty certain to be given a nursery meal of dull poultry trodden into rice, or whipped from a greasy bag already roasted. I had hoped these unpalatable tendencies were wholly metropolitan, but it seems that we have to-day an infinite capacity for having our taste debauched and, what is worse, I discover that one of my own acquaintances is engaged in reducing the countryside to the level of the town.

Having acquired a degree at Cam-

bridge he immediately purchased an old army lorry and converted it into a mobile barbecue. This was an act of cynicism. His success has proved complete sabotage, for this young man now owns a fleet of these wretched vans which hurtle along the country lanes, slopping fat in every direction. Not only does he do a roaring trade at point-to-point meetings, cattle shows and markets but drives into the farmer's yard and succeeds in selling a roasted broiler, even on the farms where this miserable poultry is bred.

We've had mobile libraries and ice-cream vans for some time. We've even had a fish-and-chip van touring the backwoods of Devonshire. But this invasion of the barbecue chicken and its complete economic success proves that within a very few years we shall all be reduced to the same level of feeding at the trough.

Indeed a young architect I know is of the opinion that it is a waste of time to design new flats and houses with a kitchen and that these rooms will soon be as redundant as a still-room or a library.

—RONALD DUNCAN

# Essence of Parliament

**M**ONDAY was a day for fine distinctions. Mr. Osborne thought that Mr. Mellish had said that he had not got "the courtesy of a louse." Mr. Mellish explained that what he had said was that Mr. Osborne "had not observed the courtesies of the House"—and that was straightened out. Mr. Rippon indignantly asserted that it was not "further delay" for which he was responsible. It was "the same delay." The House turned with a sigh to Mr. Donnelly's motion in favour of admitting Red China to the United Nations. Almost all the speakers were broadly agreed that it was desirable to admit China, and undesirable, if it could be helped, to quarrel with the United States. The only question was how one handicap ought to be balanced against the other. But since the obvious answer of the moment was to wait for Mr. Kennedy and see how things were when he came in it was not a very thrilling debate.

There was more excitement about defence the next day. This was one of those rare debates when the interest lay not in the speeches but in the division figures. How many Socialists would abstain? As is known, the figure turned out to be about 70—an inconveniently large figure for Mr. Gaitskell's comfort.

There were some signs of personal feeling during the debate—Mr. Shinwell telling his own Front Bench that they had better leave the Chamber if they had not manners enough to keep quiet when somebody else was speaking; the abstainers, when division time came, sitting firmly together in a block and abstaining with the maximum of ostentation. The debate followed an expected course—Mr. Brown and Mr. Watkinson saying much what they were expected to say, the fighting Mr. Foot, the bubbling Mr. Shinwell, the suave Mr. Greenwood, putting the abstentionists' case. Mr. Birch complained that Mr. Foot had pointed out a lot of the difficulties in other peoples' cases but had by no means made clear what was his own case. That was true enough of Mr. Foot, but I am not sure that it was not fairly true of all the speeches. Supposing that the Japanese had had the H-bomb to bomb back New York, asked Mr. Grimond,

## Defence Divides the Opposition

does anyone believe that the Americans would have bombed Hiroshima? But does anyone know the answer to these hypothetical questions? What is at issue now is not the A-bomb of fifteen years ago but the totally destructive H-bomb. It might well have been the American answer that the Japanese if left alone would certainly use their H-bomb sooner or later and that therefore the only thing for the Americans to do was to get their drop in first. The Socialists jeered at the Conservative back benches for their sheep-like obedience to their leaders. From their point of view it was about all that they could do, and of course it is true that, whatever the Conservative criticisms of the Government, Conservatives do for better or worse support the Government in the division lobby; but in fact the most important and the most disturbing

speech of the debate came from a Conservative back-bencher, Mr. Julian Critchley. Western defences, argued Mr. Critchley, were to-day based on a monstrous bluff that might at any moment be called. He brought up the inconvenient "Freudian slip" of the American Mr. Herter in which Mr. Herter said that "he could not conceive of the United States of America moving with her own nuclear weapons against the Soviet unless there was evidence that America herself . . . is to be attacked." We must strengthen our conventional forces, said Mr. Critchley. We must probably be prepared to reintroduce conscription. We must have our British Polaris. His policy had its own difficulties and it is far from clear whether a defence policy can be effective if America is not to be relied upon, but at least it was a policy as radically different from that of the Government Front Bench as was that of the unilateralists from the policy of the Opposition Front Bench.

## The Lords and Lady Chatterley

Wednesday was a dull day in the Commons with the Committee Stage of the Betting Bill. Most of those who could manage it made their way to the Lords. There they heard, to begin with, a debate on Ireland in which noble lords fell over one another in the passion of their protestation of love for Ireland. If only the House of Lords of eighty years ago had felt like that, how much history might have been different! The Duke of Devonshire wound up for the Government—and wound up, as far as could be heard, very well, but it was at times not easy to know what he was saying as Lord Dalton was at the time whispering on the Front Opposition bench. Lord Dalton whispering is the loudest of all known noises, and Lord Attlee, who was seated by his side, obviously finding sleep quite impossible under such conditions, left the Chamber in what appeared to be some dudgeon. From Ireland the Lords turned to Lady Chatterley. Lord Teviot introduced

the debate in a singularly confused and infelicitous speech. He did not seem clear whether he was attacking the Obscene Publications Act or was attacking the jury for breaking the Act, and most people, I think, must have agreed with Lord Conesford's claim that however shocking Lady Chatterley might be, she was not nearly as shocking as Lord Teviot. Lord Shackleton had no difficulty in pointing out that the House had but recently passed the Obscene Publications Act without a division and without a word of protest from Lord Teviot. The Bishop of St. Albans made a sensible speech, not demanding a ban but saying what he had to say on the problems of adolescence, and Lord Gage rescued

the debate by at last talking about that "boring" book with becoming levity and poking fun at those who had spoken of it so "portentously." Lord Amwell seemed to think that the book was called "Lord Chatterley's Lover," and Lord Hailsham, who had also been bored by it, wound up.

—PERCY SOMERSET

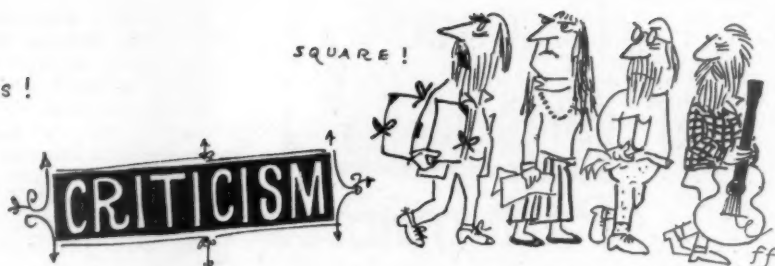


MR. DESMOND DONNELLY

## PUNCH EXHIBITIONS

"Britain in Bambergers." *Punch* will be presenting the English humour at this New Jersey Christmas display.

"*Punch* in the Theatre." Civic Theatre, Rotherham and Civic Theatre, Chesterfield. This is the third selection of these drawings to have been shown at Chesterfield.



## AT THE PICTURES

*La Dolce Vita*  
Shoot the Pianist

I DON'T think I need write about *Spartacus*, considering that the week included both *La Dolce Vita* and the second film by the director of *Les Quatre Cent Coups*. As I've said before, "epics" of the order of *Spartacus* are simply not up my street and I have a blind spot for them. I recognize the skill and labour—and money—with which they are made, but frankly I wouldn't so much as cross the road to see one for pleasure. There's no point in reviewing this one, for two reasons. First, everybody—everybody, after all that publicity—knows already whether he or she wants to see it, and those who do won't be disappointed; and second, nobody (not that I'm the one to try) could ever point out qualities in it that would make it please those who don't.

For that matter, everybody—after all that publicity—knows already whether he or she wants to see *La Dolce Vita* (Director: Federico Fellini). But here the case is different, because it's certain that a great

many people want to see it for the wrong reasons, and others (probably not many, for the wish to be able to say one has seen it must be very strong) for the same wrong reasons are sternly determined to keep away. If these notes can show a few on either side why their reasons are wrong, nobody will be more surprised than I shall.

Personally I was astonished, even after all I'd read, to find how loosely it was put together. I hadn't expected it to be such a string of episodes—although in a way this very inconsequence and incongruity, often emphasized by a disconcertingly sharp cut, is part of the film's point. The link is the gossip-writer Marcello, with whom we watch this "sweet life" as it is lived in Rome, on every level, or rather every level that will provide entertaining scandal for a cheap newspaper: the extravagant antics of a visiting film-star, celebrities and nonentities at night-clubs, crowds at the scene of an alleged miracle, the rich idle sensation-seekers at elaborate parties, police on the spot after a suicide . . . and always, everywhere, the eager press photographers.

It has been suggested that the well-

known popular mixture of sex and religion was deliberately contrived for box-office reasons, but the film's attitude to Marcello himself is a strong argument against this. He is not presented merely as a worthless womanizer, and a ghoulish like his colleagues who fight to get pictures of a wife as she is told of a family tragedy in the film's most shocking moment. Hints here and there, his reaction to inquiries from people who knew him before his decline ("How's the book going?"), scenes when he is with his only real friend, Steiner, or affectionately amused at his father, or otherwise moved by simple human feeling—these show that he has the instincts of a decent man. And they make his almost listless disregard of them (symbolized at the end by his turning away from a little beach stream on the far side of which a child waves, and following his dubious companions) all the more sad. The implication is quite clearly a moral one.

Marcello Mastroianni is excellent in this key part, and others of the big cast who do well—every episode has its memorable characters—are Anita Ekberg as the frivolous, innocently sensual film-star, Yvonne Furneaux as Marcello's simple, volatile, jealous mistress, Anouk Aimée as a rich girl in search of a *frisson*. But of course it is the director's picture, from the subtle intimacy of the love duologues to the breadth of noisy, intricate confusion in such scenes as the crowded field of the "miracle."

*Tirez sur le Pianiste*, or *Shoot the Pianist* (Director: François Truffaut), is still more episodic, even scrappy, but here the impression is of carelessness and haste. How anyone can contend (as it's said some do) that this is better than the director's first, *The Four Hundred Blows*, passes my comprehension. It is a surrealist mixture of farce and tragedy; the farce succeeds—the picture is often funny—but what was meant to be the tragedy leaves one utterly unmoved. The people and many of the incidents are no more than sketched in, so that the mixture of conventions, instead of suggesting the unexpectedness of real life, makes the whole affair all the more obviously artificial. Far too much of the story, also, is told in words—dead-pan soliloquy by the central figure, a former concert pianist who now plays in a bistro, or explicit narrative by someone else; and



"This script of yours, Beckman, is what I call real good, clean, healthy, wholesome entertainment—you're fired!"

in any extended dialogue there is an irritating sameness of rhythm (six or seven brisk emphatic words, pause, another six or seven, pause, another, and so on). Much of the film is oddly entertaining on the surface, but judged by the standard of M. Truffaut's first work it doesn't succeed.

#### Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

My first recommendations would still be *Shadows* (27/7/60 and 26/10/60) and *L'Avventura* (7/12/60). This (21st) is the last day of *Jazz on a Summer's Day* (28/9/60). Also in London: *Saturday Night and Sunday Morning* (9/11/60), *The Millionairess* (2/11/60), *Never on Sunday* (30/11/60) and *Can-Can* (30/3/60).

Three of the new releases were mentioned here, but with no enthusiasm. *Too Hot to Handle* (5/10/60—101 mins.) uses present-day Soho to imitate the old-style movie Chicago. *Song Without End* ("Survey," 14/9/60—130 mins.) I found dull. *The Three Worlds of Gulliver* ("Survey," 14/12/60—98 mins.) may amuse children.

—RICHARD MALLETT

### AT THE GALLERY

#### Regal Days

*The Age of Charles II*  
(Royal Academy)

(closes February 22, 1961)

THE ebullient feeling of the age of Charles II is successfully achieved in this exhibition by an accumulation of different objects: silver, furniture, miniatures; with pictures (or paintings) on the whole making background. And from the serried ranks of Lely's portraits of ladies, we may feel it to be a somewhat monotonous background at that. However, if many Lelys are too much, one or two can be very rewarding, and since most of them are in excellent order *vis-à-vis* cleanliness, most of them can be examined in some detail.

The Lely which I went for particularly is hanging in Gallery 3 next to the clue of the show (lent by the Queen): a vast silver framed mirror over a silver centre table, suitable in scale for it, and flanked by two similarly suitable silver candlesticks. On either side of the mirror (the background of which is Venetian red) is one of a pair of Lely portraits. To stand up to such a mass of scintillation as is provided by all this silver is no mean feat, and this is particularly well done by Lely's portrait of Barbara Villiers, on the right as you face the wall; the brown, yellow, and pale blue colour scheme being both bold and happy.

Such a wealth of dash and extravagance can hardly be taken by people of our modest age except in small doses, and it made a pleasant contrast to come upon a vestige of a less regal existence in a virginal by Stephen Keene, having a lid painted in tempera with a landscape and figures. Such objects were typical of the smaller gentleman's home at the time—so the catalogue informs one. A large view of Whitehall



"It's a man from the N.S.P.C.C.!"

(No. 292), though naïve in some ways, gives, we are told, an accurate view of much of the detail of Whitehall Palace before its destruction.

Many will delight in Samuel Cooper's miniature, while in the same room (small South) is a particularly fine Lely drawing (No. 533). Some robust Lambeth Delft ware "chargers" and finely decorated navigational instruments are additional ingredients which go to make "The Age of Charles II."

—ADRIAN DAINTREY

### ON THE AIR

#### With the Buffoons

IN this week of junketing it may be appropriate to consider the current vintage of laughter-makers and take a comparative look at broad comedy on the two channels. The BBC has lately launched a three-pronged attack on the national funny-bone led by Jimmy Edwards, Charlie Drake and Sidney James and action has been joined long enough to warrant a report.

In the new *Whacko* we have to date found our humour outside the classroom. If this trend indicates a final intention to wean Jimmy Edwards—how strange looks so laetic a word in his context—away from his schoolmaster role, then I welcome it. He has been in cap-and-gown a long time now and I'd like to see his rich and fruity character bellowing in pastures new. Without ringing any bells the episodes of *Whacko* have given fair amusement, all bouncing along with the customary liveliness and

punch of a Muir and Norden script. The strengthening of the Mr. Pettigrew part for Arthur Howard has improved the balance of the programme and has provided a more worthy foil for the dominant and uproarious Jim.

The first offering of *The Charlie Drake Show* won audience-rating in the top ten but I feel this may have been due more to memories of past hilarity than to the quality of present performance. His recent shows have been based on highly original ideas and have made promising impact in their opening scenes. But the exploitation of the idea over half an hour has been rather disappointing and there has been a sad dearth of worthwhile parts for anyone but the star. In "The Siege of Cyril Street" the other characters had virtually nothing to say except when they were feeding Charlie Drake and the humorous responsibility was his alone. Although there have been some belly-laugh moments I don't think the new shows have been up to his past standard. It might well help things if in the writing, for which he shares the credits with Richard Waring, the comic interest were spread more widely through the cast.

Attention to supporting roles has always been a hall-mark of the Tony Hancock programmes created by Ray Galton and Alan Simpson and they are wisely carrying this efficiency to the *Citizen James* series. Sidney Balmoral James got away to a quiet but steady start. He is building a wryly humorous character out of the Citizen, but it will naturally take us a little time to lose the expectancy that the lad himself is

about to come round the corner. The show is arranged as a team job and a good strong team it is with Bill Kerr, Liz Frazer and Sydney Tafler in attendance. They are each given humour in their own right and there is a Damon Runyon atmosphere about the layabouts, the bookies and the salt-beef sandwiches which could well develop into a most diverting series. The third episode in which the Citizen lost his girl-friend's bankroll on a nag was the best entertainment so far from the three BBC shows mentioned.

On the other side of the dial the ITV broad comedy shows all have the advantage of having run for longer in their present series. A few weeks ago I mentioned with compliments *The Arthur Haynes Show* (ATV) and *Bootsie and Snudge* (Granada), and both are still keeping up the good work.

Arthur Haynes uses a variety formula of music, songs and sketches, and does not risk the possible narrative tedium of situation-comedy. He uses his talents as a mime to great effect in these short sketches by Johnny Speight and his programme can always be relied upon for good entertainment.

Alfie Bass and Bill Fraser are, of course, first-class actors of wide experience and



SHERRIFFS

WILL HUTCHINS

[Tenderfoot

they continue to overcome that awful title and develop their *Army Game* conflict into excellent Civvy Street humour. Their material is nicely tailored to their strong points by Barry Took and Marty Feldman, the support is always sound and well supplied, and this show, in the absence of

Hancock, is probably the leading situation-comedy going at the moment.

That major at Pontefract who advised his soldiers against watching the everlasting *Army Game* (Granada) was on the right critical track. The officers and the W.O. in the present cast are still up to scratch but the other ranks of Hut 29 fall sadly short of the calibre of its previous occupants. In the heyday of Medwin, Bass, Bresslaw and Rossington this was the funniest knockabout show on television; but not any more. When one watches the slick hardness of Harry Fowler's corporal, one appreciates how much the original programme owed to the skilful straight-work of Michael Medwin. The three squaddies are played, as the major said, more as morons than dishonest buffoons and nothing like the unbelievable grotesque perpetrated by Ted Lune has been seen outside *The Animal Story*.

Summing up the field, ITV have the laugh lead at present with Bass and Fraser, and Arthur Haynes; the strength of the latest BBC entries hasn't yet been fully established but on the form so far I fancy *Citizen James* to come steadily through on the rails, and eventually to take up the pace with the leaders.

— PATRICK RYAN

## Quiz Solution

### Words, Words, Words

1. Tennyson (*The Princess*), Wordsworth (*By the Sea*), Gray (*Elegy*), Fitzgerald (*Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyám*), Spenser (*Epithalamium*), G. K. Chesterton (*A Ballade of Suicide*).
2. Gyromancy.
3. Up.
4. Most women under forty are capricious.
5. (a) Spud; (b) Dusty; (c) Tommy; (d) Nobby; (e) Tug; (f) Chalky.

**Up the Airy Mountain.**—(1) Acroceraunian Mountains, *Arethusa*, Shelley. (2) Mont Blanc, *Manfred*, Byron. (3) Skiddaw, *The Armada*, Macaulay. (4) Matterhorn, *Wine and Water*, Chesterton. (5) Chimborazo, *Cotopaxi*, *Romance*, W. J. Turner. (6) Grampians, *Douglas*, John Home.

**One for the Road.**—(1) Tewkesbury Road, Masfield. (2) Golden Road to Samarkand, Flecker. (3) Road to Edmonton, Gilpin, Cowper. (4) The Roman Road to Wendover, *The Chilterns*, Brooke. (5) The Ratcliffe Road, *Ballad of the Bolivar*, Kipling. (6) The Ludlow Road, *The First of May*, Housman.

**The Birds and the Bees.**—1. (a) Leda; (b) Danae; (c) Europa; (d) Callisto; (e) Alcmena. 2. (a) Io; (b) Syrinx; (c) Callisto; (d) Daphne; (e) Nyctimene.

**Without Dictionaries.**—1. (b); 2. (c); 3. (b); 4. (a); 5. (d); 6. (a).

### Artists and Drawings

A (Starke) drew 7; B (Searle) 5; C (Sprod) 1; D (Fougasse) 8; E (Langdon) 4; F (Thelwell) 3; G (Mansbridge) 6; and H (Brockbank) 2.

**Without Atlases.**—1. Herefordshire, Cheshire, Shropshire, Derbyshire, Nottinghamshire, Rutlandshire, Lincolnshire, Huntingdonshire, Bedfordshire, Buckinghamshire, Berkshire, Wiltshire, Somersetshire, Monmouthshire. 2. (a) Yes. (b) Yes. (c) No. (d) Bedford. 3. (a) West. (b) Yes. (c) On. (d) Delhi. 4. (a) No. (b) Yes. (c) Yes. (d) No. 5. Portugal, Spain, Albania, Greece, Turkey. 6. East.

**A Filmed Dozen.**—One Night of Love, The Two-headed Spy, These Three, The Four Feathers, The Five Pennies, Six Bridges to Cross, Seven Brides for Seven Brothers, Eight o'Clock Walk, Nine Girls, The Ten Commandments, Ocean's Eleven, Twelve Angry Men.

**The Name's the Same.**—1. (a) GORDON, Richard, John, Lord. 2. (a) MORLEY, Mrs. (Queen Anne), Robert, John (Viscount M. of Blackburn). 3. (a) TATE, Sir Henry, Nahum, Harry. 4. (a) KNOX, E. V. (Evoc), Nervo's partner, John. 5. (a) MOORE, George, Sir John, Thomas. 6. (a) LLOYD, Edward, Selwyn, Marie.

**Personalities of the Year.**—1. Sir Matthew Slattery, a retired admiral, became Chairman of B.O.A.C. 2. Mr. Cronin, Princess Margaret's butler. 3. She was a hurricane. 4. Queen Sirikit of Thailand. 5. Lord Cromer, appointed Governor of the Bank of England. 6. Belka and Strelka, two Russian dogs. 7. Francis Powers, pilot of the U2. 8. Bertrand Russell, could "no longer continue to work with Canon Collins" in the Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament.

**Intellectuals' Corner.**—1. (a) Somerset Maugham didn't give evidence at the *Lady Chatterley's Lover* trial. (b) Tetraxini is the only one who rose to fame under her own, and not an assumed, name. (c) Glenn Gould is a classical pianist, the rest play jazz. (d) Well, among other things, Mortimer Wheeler is the only one with a knighthood.

2. (a) (i) a high temperature, (ii) nose-bleeding, (b) a tablespoonful. 3. Caramac is a kind of confectionery; Pakamac a plastic rainproof; Syriac the language of Syria; Kerouac an American beatnik writer.

# BOOKING OFFICE

## A LAST ROUND-UP FOR CHILDREN

By SIRIOL HUGH JONES

IT may not be particularly peace-and-goodwillful in the children's sections of bookshops, but there's some feeling of relief in having settled for books as presents rather than trudging about between beer-drinking mechanical bears and bosomy teenage plastic dolls.

*Two Little Savages* is by Ernest Thompson Seton, hero of my childhood, whose *Furred, Feathered and Scaled and Wild Animals I Have Known* made one soggy with tears and had the added peculiar fascination of footprints in the margins (frequently, no doubt, limping and blood-stained, but that's life in the raw for you). This one is a classic from 1903 and is the story of two boys living rough on holiday in the forests of Ontario, building dams, making tepees, laying trails, all Indian-fashion. The super line-drawings provide do-it-yourself patterns for a Simple Ten-Foot Teepee, show how to feather a Far-Flying Steel-Pointed Bobtail arrow, "very good in wind," how to build a log shanty, and Rubbing-Sticks for making fires, and how to identify Indian smoke-signals. The style is idiosyncratic ("Each year the ancient springtime madness came more strongly on Yan"), and one of the boy-heroes is a portrait of the author.

It may cause a certain amount of unrest in Kensington nurseries with limited shanty-building facilities, so pick your recipient carefully. There are coon-tracks, what happiness, in the margins.

*Musa the Shoemaker*, by Louise Stinetorf (a Quaker missionary in Palestine), is a rather touching tearful tale about a lame boy from a village in the Atlas mountains where all the men are acrobats. Poor Musa, who has "needles of agony" in his left foot, has to let circus-fame go by, and is apprenticed to a shoemaker where he becomes an ace at making footwear for those plagued by bunions. He is clearly the boy to construct the right kind of shoes for little crippled Princess Fatima in Oran, and as you reach for the last

Kleenex in the box his future looks rosy. It's written with great feeling and will lacerate adults whose Christmas-gift-department feet are killing them. Elfrida Vipont, a mystery voice on the jacket, but you may know her well, says the children will love it.

*Za the Truffle Boy* (try saying "Have you got *Za the Truffle Boy*?" to a really haughty bookseller) is a prize-winning Italian story in the stark poetic-realistic manner we all admired so in the post-war Italian cinema. It teaches you how to dig for truffles by night with the help of a pig or dog and your aged rough-tongued golden-hearted grannie. It's not a particularly merry tale—Mother dies, Gran dies, even the dear old dog gets rabies—but then nobody supposes a truffle-hunter's life is all beer and skittles. I rather liked the pauper-plain style and bony, not to say cheerless, sincerity of the narrative, though the occasional nickname (Old Granny Night-Bird, Chicklet, Wren) recalls the bleaker kind of folk-song done remorselessly into English.

## BEHIND THE SCENES



7—CYRIL AND BERNARD MILLS  
The great Bertram Mills's sons keep the prestige of the circus as high as ever

Wholly ignorant of the ways of horses except when followed by milk-carts, I am nevertheless beginning to enjoy, in a faintly morbid way, my annual Christmas bone-up on mucking-out and gouging the manure out of your steed's feet with a hoof-pick. Pamela Macgregor-Morris, whose very name inspires confidence, is the author of *Look at Ponies*, a nice simple very elementary text-book. The friendly tone of voice confirms my belief that a good many English girls actually become horses quite early in life—"If you spent most of the night eating dry hay, as your pony does, you would be very thirsty, and probably rather cross in the morning."

So I should think. Also included in this admirable series is Ann Hogarth's *Look at Puppets*, a charming clear little book with bold drawings, meat and drink for all who have a deep feeling for small people on strings with names like Spejbl and Hurvinek.

Mr. Robert Graves, eight times a father, calls *The Penny Fiddle* "poems for children," so who am I to doubt it? The poems are strange, beautiful, dangerous and often very alarming (and so for that matter are many children) and the pictures are by Ardizzone. I think it's the sort of present you buy and keep for yourself. Belinda, who rhymes perhaps a touch rudely with winda, is the infant owner of *Custard the Dragon*, who eats a pirate but has worrying inadequacy feelings. Custard, who might easily please the child who has just been weaned from actually eating books, is written by Ogden Nash, and the fearless pictures are by his daughter. Mention Aesop and a drowsy numbness instantly pains my sense; but in fact John Yeoman's animal and bird fables, *A Drink of Water*, are witty, frivolous and worldly, and the sprightly, scratchy drawings are by Quentin Blake, the man who can make a wart-hog look lovable.

*The Far-Distant Oxus*, a reprint of the extravert Ransome-ish book that was written in the 'thirties by two schoolgirls, is as awe-inspiring as ever, full of ponies and rafts and children who are often "marvellous at riding and swimming and jumping and climbing," and like to "burst in, shouting 'Come up to the hobby-room and we'll discuss plans!'" I like O.U.P.'s modest but good-looking, educational but undismal new series about music—two straight (*The Orchestra*, and *Boyhoods of Great Composers*), two

made up of stories with notes on the relevant music (*The Sorcerer's Apprentice and Other Stories*, and *Nutcracker and Swan Lake*). And *Life and Its Marvels* (A colourama Pictorial Treasury of Knowledge), in spite of being the sort of book I usually slope past in a wave of guilt, turned out to be so clear and persuasive that I sat entranced before the life-cycle of the liver-fluke (in sea-blue, privet green and parma violet) and was not defeated by sporangia, cercariae or sporocysts. It may not sound too festive but as colouramas go it seemed to me a good sound bet.

**Two Little Savages.** Ernest Thompson Seton. *Edmund Ward*, 25/-

**Musa the Shoemaker.** Louise Stinetorf. *Gollancz*, 12/6

**Za the Truffle Boy.** Angela Latini. *O.U.P.*, 12/6

**Look at Ponies.** Pamela Macgregor-Morris. *Hamish Hamilton*, 6/6

**Look at Puppets.** Ann Hogarth. *Hamish Hamilton*, 6/6

**The Penny Fiddle.** Robert Graves. *Cassell*, 12/6

**Custard the Dragon.** Ogden Nash. *Dent*, 9/6

**A Drink of Water.** John Yeoman. *Faber*, 9/6

**The Far-distant Ones.** Katharine Hull and Pamela Whitlock. *Collins*, 12/6

**The Orchestra.** Thomas B. Pitfield.

**Boyhoods of Great Composers.** Catherine Gough.

**The Sorcerer's Apprentice and other stories.** John Hosier.

**Nutcracker and Swan Lake.** William Appleby and Frederick Fowler. *All O.U.P.*, 7/6

**Life and its Marvels.** *Odams*, 30/-

#### EUROPE OF THE HEART

**The Autobiography of Father Dominique Pire.** As told to Hugues Vehenne. Translated by John L. Skeffington. *Hutchinson*, 21/-

No especial literary pretension about this book—indeed it is written in a slightly

confusing way as it jumps about between conversations between Father Pire and his biographer and wads of autobiography. But, however presented, a moving story of one of the great philanthropists of our time—in the best sense of a much abused word—of the man who has done perhaps more than anyone living to try to break the back of the heart-destroying problem of the Displaced Person. Father Pire's policy is to build in the various countries of Europe new towns for the Displaced Persons—large enough for them to have company of their own kind—not so large as to tempt them to refuse to mix with the natives of the country in which they have come to live. The book has the great merit that it is content to tell Father Pire's tale and neither he nor it allows indulgence in unbalanced denunciation of the selfishness of society at large.

—CHRISTOPHER HOLLIS

#### NEW FICTION

**Fly by Night.** Edward Lind. *Boardman*, 15/-

**The Kean Land.** Jack Schaefer. *André Deutsch*, 16/-

**A Road to Disaster.** Douglas Baber. *Heinemann*, 18/-

**Border Country.** Raymond Williams. *Chatto and Windus*, 18/-

This has been a week for placid reading rather than ecstatic welcome, with nothing very original, nothing very incompetent and plenty of mild pleasure. *Fly by Night* is about a traffic manager in an American airline. He has a tough, bullying executive put over his head, who not only stamps on everybody's toes but is ready to compromise the company's reputation for integrity if only he can snatch passengers from competitors. The hero hates him and his methods, half opposes him, drifts along with him and finally gets his job when he moves on upwards. The intrigues lack sufficient complexity for the length of the novel and the writing does not convey any very new picture of aviation, drinking or

internal warfare in business; but the subject of at what point a man should resign on a matter of principle is perennially interesting.

*The Kean Land* is a collection of short stories by Mr. Schaefer, the author of *Shane*, who seems to be getting type-cast as a writer of "the better westerns." They are tales full of expert detail, sudden twists of fortune, rather simple tragedy and comedy and a strong sense of history. Because they are mostly about an earthy, physical life they lack the hysterical inventiveness of short stories written in blocks of urban flats; but, if they are old-fashioned in their concentration on tale-spinning, they are modern in their awareness of the moral dilemmas involved in developing new country. Some of the stories open rather slowly in a cracker-barrel way but they soon warm up.

In *A Road to Disaster* Mr. Baber effectively tills land opened up by Mr. Graham Greene. The narrator hangs about a town in Indo-China trying to convince the French that he is a journalist reporting their operations against a Communist rising in the hills but really acting as an agent for arms manufacturers who are supplying the Communist leader. He has seedy drinking sessions in the press bar, makes love with a Chinese girl of considerable agility and has inscrutable interviews with the owner of a local store, who is his contact with the rebels. Then he sees the war at closer quarters, has his first interview with his fanatical customer, is revolted by what he has been helping to do and turns back for England. Mr. Baber's blend of sex, excitement and politics is professionally mixed and if his style were a little less drably unobtrusive he might have had a winner.

Mr. Raymond Williams made his name with *Culture and Society 1780-1950* and there has been a tendency to treat his first novel, *Border Country*, as though its success as fiction depended on the validity of the theories with which he has become associated. It is certainly a first novel of promise, an honest novel that deals honourably with important social issues and describes with seriousness a way of life; but it is amateurish and heavy. Mr. Williams will have to write more novels and limber up before as a writer of fiction he equals himself as a literary sociologist.

A university lecturer is called back to the Welsh border village where he was born as his signalman father has had a stroke. Most of the book is a string, rather than a chain, of flashbacks showing the sick man's life. The figure of the father is obviously intended to dominate the novel and to represent certain values; but to the reader, who has never received the impact of that steady stare, he seems a dull, stupid man. Something that is deeply important to the writer has not been communicated. However, several reviewers have found this careful study of a community deeply moving and interesting and I certainly found it far and away the most stimulating of the present bunch.

—R. G. G. PRICE



**PUBLIC FACES IN PRIVATE PLACES**

**Private History.** Derek Patmore. *Cape*, 21/-  
**The Baldwin Age.** Ed. John Raymond.  
*Eyre and Spottiswoode*, 25/-

From one angle Mr. Patmore's is a silly book about the "Smart Art" between the wars, full of names of celebrities and even more near-celebrities and describing with ingenuous, colourless chatter how the descendant of a Victorian poet maintained the standard of living into which he had been born by rapid and effective forays into journalism, interior decorating, literary biography and playwriting.

From another angle it is fascinating because Mr. Patmore sees so clearly his own faults without quite seeing how far they mirror the faults of the worlds in which he moved. One ends these artless reminiscences with a curious feeling that Mr. Patmore was much nicer and more sensible than some of the people for the honour of whose company he expresses a slightly incredulous gratitude. One thread is the determination to subordinate glittering distractions to writing for the theatre, though backers were elusive. A second is the importance of hard work if you bear a famous name that opens too many inviting doors to you.

Baldwin, treated with some respect by Mr. Robert Blake and dismissive contempt by many of the other contributors to this collection of essays, was an anachronistic figure. Sir Charles Snow on "Rutherford and the Cavendish" and Miss Pamela Hansford Johnson on "Literature" seem to be talking about a different world from his. He was not either the maker of his age or a fair specimen of it. However, the title seems to mean simply 1922-1937 and it is difficult to think of anybody else who would serve better as a label.

There is nothing about technology, demography, sport, law or medicine, and hardly anything about poetry or philosophy. The book lacks any intellectual substratum and the contributors do not, on the whole, write as forcefully as some at least of them can. Mr. Hope-Wallace on "Literature, Music and Ballet" struck me as the freshest. Mr. Raymond's Introduction, a breezy collocation of odd facts, is enjoyable Muggeridgesquerie, to make a pretty new word.

—LEWIS BANKS

**NO NONSENSE ABOUT WINE**

**Advice.** Hilaire Belloc. *Harvill Press*, 16/-  
**The Small Cellar.** L. B. Escritt. *Jenkins*, 21/-

Hilaire Belloc's last words on wine were contained in a manuscript he wrote in 1935 as a wedding present, and they are now published for the first time. Almost every page reflects his robust unorthodoxy and his contempt for wine snobs. He thought decanting was humbug unless a bit of cork had been left in the bottle, and that all red wine was the better for a few drops of water in the first glass, which he called baptizing. He described how he went to Nantes to buy his beverage

wine in cask and had it blended with 30 per cent Algerian, on which he claimed young lions were suckled. He gives exact instruction for bottling; his Nantes wines worked out at 1s. Food is not neglected. He told his pupil always to eat salad with her fingers—"a man who cuts salad is I know not what." The Paris restaurant where he advised her to go to drink Beaulieu, the Petit Riche, is still open, but at 25, not 21, rue Le-Pelletier.

Mr. Escritt's book takes the amateur briefly but sensibly over the main vineyards of the world and tells him how the wines are made and how to buy and store them. Into a small compass it packs a great deal of information, such as that punch comes from the Hindu word panch, meaning five and referring to the customary five ingredients, strong, weak, sour, sweet and spiced—a derivation stoutly questioned in Bouverie Street. And that Zubrowka vodka is flavoured with grass from forests in Eastern Poland where an indigenous bison has its breeding ground.

—ERIC KEOWN



"Henry thought we wouldn't bother with a Christmas tree this year."

**CREDIT BALANCE**

**Family and Class in a London Suburb.** Peter Willmott and Michael Young. *Routledge and Kegan Paul*, 21/-. Institute of Community Studies pass on from working-class Bethnal Green to middle-class Woodford. Fascinating generalizations and quotations from the natives amid the statistics. Why are old protected but ignored in Woodford, allowed to dominate in East London? Why have new recruits to middle-class a passion for amateur plastering? Authors sadly suggest "Maybe uniformity is one of the prices we have to pay for sociability in a more mobile society."

**The Best of Henry Miller.** Ed. Lawrence Durrell. *Heinemann*, 30/-. Of course it's not the best of Henry Miller, which, for all Lady Chatterley's good offices, cannot be published here; but it's a tasty enough macedoine to give the reader an itch to get hold of the whole corpus, smuggled through the Customs where necessary.

**The Doctor is Sick.** Anthony Burgess. *Heinemann*, 16/-. The fantastic adventures of a philologist awaiting an operation for a brain tumour. *Con.*—it's at least 50 pages too long, and the dialect humour is as heavy as lead; but *pro.*, it abounds in gay invention, and at its high points is very funny indeed.

**In Christ Church Hall.** Keith Feiling. *Macmillan*, 25/-. Short biographical essays on Christ Church men, omitting some of the best known, like Peel and Gladstone, but ranging from Hakluyt and Locke to Ruskin and Stanley Weyman. The learned and elusive author, though his style has sobered, packs in unhackneyed quotations, curious knowledge and unpredictable comment.

**Not Out!** Hargreaves. *Hammond Hammond*, 4/6. Some half-century of cricketing drawings by one of the Punch XI's opening bowlers.

**A CRISIS OVER**

**T**HERE have been bad shocks in British homes this week. Was it in yours that a gaily-wrapped geiger-counter turned up, from the old friend whose address you couldn't find? This is an emergency. Show your mettle. Deal with it in a flash by sending the late well-wisher PUNCH for a year. Or, rather, send us his address, now you've got it—and we will. Together with a Greetings Card. Subscriptions: Great Britain and Eire £2 16s.; Canada (By Canadian Magazine Post) £2 10s. (\$7.25); Elsewhere Overseas £3 (U.S.A. \$9.00). Write to: Department ED., PUNCH, 10 Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4, or hand this form to your usual newsagent or bookstall. U.S.A. and Canadian readers may remit by cheques on their own banks. Other overseas readers should consult their bankers or remit by postal money order.

MY NAME.....Mr. Mrs. Miss  
 (BLOCK LETTERS)  
 ADDRESS .....

.....I enclose remittance for.....  
 Please send PUNCH throughout 1961 to the name(s) and address (es) as detailed on attached sheet of paper, preceded by a Greetings Card on my behalf to arrive at Christmas. (The service can be started earlier if desired.)

## FOR WOMEN



## My Next Husband 1

I AM married to a stationer. My next husband will be a psychologist and in a second I will tell you why, but for the moment back to my latest. There is nothing intrinsically *wrong* with stationery. It is a noble, honest, ancient trade, inextricably entangled with literacy, and there's nothing wrong with that. There are even some aspects of stationery which give me a deep, aesthetic thrill; for example, new pencils, particularly those greenish octagonal ones with the tortoiseshell markings, or stiff-covered notebooks the first time you open them, and smell that unforgettable river smell. Not to mention the huge family of loose-leafed files, which, though I can never personally think of anything to do with them, are among the pleasantest possessions in the world. These things are mine for the taking, as is the whole range of writing-paper working up through infinite gradations of snobbery. And besides there are the numberless meadows of glue and paper-clips, rubber-bands and ink, pens and rubbers, in which one can enjoyably stroll or roll. One way and another these things have added up to a good marriage.

And yet . . . and yet . . . The fact is that I find myself totally incapable of giving my husband's work the detailed interest the magazines advise. "Be well-informed about his business," said an article I read recently, "and then when the boss comes to dinner you will have a lively contribution to make to the conversation." In fact, I *always* have a lively contribution to make when allowed to get a word in edgeways, but it is rarely the great ball-point war, or the envelope famine, or the new quick-drying inks which inspire me. To be truthful I go months without giving them a thought or even perusing *The British Stationer* from cover to cover;

when the boys cluster around the television-set to watch the promotion of *passe-partout* on "Jim's Inn" I slip out to the kitchen and read *Lolita*.

A great truth strikes me about the nature of marriage which is that since any husband is going to bore one stiff over his occupation, it might just as well be something profoundly interesting in the first place. A job needs to offer more gratification to a wife than just money or even a few free stationery lines. It ought, I feel, to make some solid practical contribution either to her kudos or her comfort. I have toyed briefly with the idea of espousing bishops, peers, politicians or (in more domestic mood) builders, electricians, plumbers, upholsterers and painters. (The expense and inconvenience one could be saved by a judicious marriage!) A dentist or an obstetrician might also be a good match.

But I have finally decided to plump for a psychologist, of one kind or another. What I specially like about them is that they are such marvellous listeners.

"Doesn't it bore you," I asked a psychiatrist recently at a party, "listening to other people all day?"

"Why should it?" he said laconically. "It's fascinating," listening with rapt attention to every subsequent word I said. He seemed to have the right ideas.

Another good thing about a psychologist-husband is that one could shift one's burdens shamelessly when the little ones came along, as well as having someone to grumble at when, as always happens, psychological theory failed utterly in practice.

"You're supposed to be the expert," one could say as the baby's screams took on a more determined note. "You stop it crying." Or "You always talk about the importance of the father's

role. You take it out for the afternoon."

The small-talk of the consulting-room would, I feel, be infinitely comforting. Like most mothers I tend to become plunged in gloom and guilt when my children start screaming in their sleep, kicking the cat, and persecuting the child next door. But these quaint little aberrations would, I am sure, seem the pure wine of normality compared to the monstrous little psyches my husband would meet daily in his work.

"At least," I would soothe myself, "mine have never actually *shot* anybody. And not one of them's a necrophiliac like that little boy who comes on Tuesday mornings."

What, I wonder, would be the duties of a wife when the psychologist's boss (his analyst? the head of the Child Guidance clinic?) came to dinner? Following the advice of the woman's magazine, I suppose the table-talk would be infant sexuality with the *hors d'œuvres*, sadomasochism with the main dish, some interesting perversions scrutinized over the dessert, and a few sparkling case-histories swooped over the nuts. And if we did gather round the telly afterwards I can imagine some sharp, pointed analyses of Westerns or Philip Marlowe or even of Dr. Stafford Clark, with myself throwing off some brilliant contributions.

Best of all, perhaps, would be the feeling of belonging to a group which had all the clues; which knew in a satisfying, pretty superior way why everybody did everything and remained a cool, comfortable spectator on the sidelines. Think of the relief of being out of the hurly-burly of stationery and into the pure serene of Freud, Adler or even Jung. Stationery has left me grey, weary and disillusioned, but psychology might, just might, light some promising new fires among the tired old ashes on my hearthstone.

— MONICA FURLONG

## Boots, Boots

WELLINGTON may have won a battle at Waterloo but we mothers know what he really did for England. Invented those boots.

Entering life with toddlerhood, wellingtons begin by being matt red commas three inches high, clutching or clutched by the elastic anklets of woolly boiler suits, dementedly staggering through puddles and drumming push-chair floors. When they join the family line in the cloakroom they look quite

delightfully Little Bearish; indeed the chief feature of very young wellingtons is that with their slightly ballooned-up toe-space and characteristic top-rim finish they are as perfectly a replica of the real thing as are the feet they enclose.

Very soon wellingtons are displaying other chief features; for example, their talent for becoming surplus. All those ex-pairs—the minutely graded red mats, the sawn-off glossy blacks, the full-length, magnificently rubbery clumpers with soles as chunkily studded as a lorry tyre—would silt the house up did not Nature decree that discarded wellingtons should be either maddeningly new, and so get handed on, or maddeningly punctured and cut up for paraffin drum tap-washers. It takes time, of course, to cut up an unpunctured wellington; hence the odd left-footer that would make it impossible for you ever to lay your hands on the required pair first go if you didn't find it impossible anyway, what with wellington-sizes being so sturdily independent of shoe-sizes.

School wellingtons are traditionally marked inside with the biggest blackest capitals known to the marking-ink world; but this doesn't help the school mum rooting through lockers for her six-year-old's glossy blacks. Still, as she and the form-mistress stoop chattily along the row, she can at least console herself by thinking what a good parent-teacher relationship she is working up. Other bonuses offered by wellingtons are their easiness to choose in shops (buying them never gets to the point when the assistant has moved the ladder for the fifth time and the children are fighting for the slide-rule); and their gorgeousness when new. Thus they atone for such inherent defects as harbouring possible spiders in the toe and being, to anyone borrowing a pair perhaps too small, a bit of an act of faith during that struggle past the instep.

Wellingtons off to boarding-school know a proud moment when, by the laws of gravity and displacement, their newspaper-wrapped hulk is voted first item into the trunk. But the holidays, when chum visits chum, give them their real thrill; for delicious weeks they zoom through the post in floppy wedge-shaped parcels, pursuing from Surrey to Dorset, from Cornwall to the Usk Valley those owners whose hostesses forgot to look downstairs when packing. What with all the characterful things wellingtons do, besides what they do in keeping the wet out, it is understandable that the Iron Duke could have been Poet Laureate for all we mothers care. With us, his fame rests more surely. — ANGELA MILNE

## Why Don't We Get A . . . ?

CHILDREN dear, when you both were small

It was quite a job to answer all

Your questions why and wherefore;

"Because of the law of gravity."

"Because it's shaped like this, you see."

"Because that's what it's there for."

Nothing, of course, to how life got.

Real hard work it came to be, what

With the range you used to cover

And the clearly inadequate knowledge brought

Up by my first fine bursts of thought—

But there. All that is over.

Yes, how much easier things have been

Since you both grew wise to the world! I mean,

What mental rest's assured to

A Mum who knows that every Why

Hurled at her head can be answered by

A simple "Can't afford to!"

— ANDE



"Pretty good for a first attempt, don't you think?"

# Toby Competitions

## No. 145—In a Pear Tree

**W**RITE a thank letter for any one of the gifts from My True Love in *The Twelve Days of Christmas*. Limit 100 words.

A framed *Punch* original, to be selected from all available drawings, is offered for the best entry. Runners-up receive a one-guinea book token. **Entries by Wednesday, December 28.** Address to TOBY COMPETITION No. 145, *Punch*, 10 Boulevard Street, London, E.C.4.

## Report on Competition No. 142

(Winkle Shoe Confessional)

Many entrants offered confessions more appropriate to a lawyer defending a Teddy Boy than to the lad on the psychiatrist's couch. Justifications of violence did not inspire much originality. Some strong finishes suffered from a weak build-up. The winner is:

J. H. M. SYKES

71 CHAUCER ROAD  
BEDFORD

Don't dig jive no more, see? . . . Out of the groove. Fings ain't wot they used ter be wiv me, they ain't, Mister. I've gone . . . worse then trad . . . (It's all right saying

anyfink to you, Mister? Anyfink?) . . . I got a platter of that Beethoven . . . yes I did . . . symphony, that's what it is. And Mister—I can't stop spinning it, straight I can't . . . nuts, I must be, that's why I come 'ere. . . . Paid for it, too! 'Course I could'a whipped it outa the Record Bar same as us cats does, mostly. Wot's wrong wiv me, Mister? Not goin' square, am I? "Prop'ly adjusted pers'nality," that's wher I reckon I'm headin', Mister For Gawd's sake maladjust me again, Mister!

Following are the runners-up:

It started when I was standin' agen Lenny's fruit stall one Sat'dy mornin' parin' me nails wiv me flick-knife, an I sees this bird go by, wearing a skirt! Like Mums wear, and no blacked around eyes nor swingin' hair nor nothin' sexy. She oughter bin repulsive, but I sudn'ly felt I could go fer that dame, and, boy, that shook me deep! Then one night at the Palais a bunch o' squares rigged the band to stop the jive rhythm and plug a dopey waltz number. And there was me feelin' I could sure dig that stuff if I only had the know-how! Jeez, that's when I reely knew I was crackin' up.

Mrs. B. Brocklesby, 83 St. John's Road, Oxford

Last Tuesday afternoon Ginger, Flash

and I shoved some bints off the pavement and one 'urt 'er ankle and started crying. As we turned round to jeer I saw 'er face with the tears running down 'er cheeks on to 'er school blouse, and something turned me up inside. I told the others to scarpa, and just stood there. She smiled and asked me to 'elp 'er. The next thing I was 'elpin' 'er along the road. At the corner she stopped and said "Thanks, I live here." Now every afternoon I 'ave to wait around till I've seen 'er, otherwise I get terribly depressed. Ginger and Flash say I need a psychiatrist, so here I am.

L. Goldman, 2 Newborough Road, Shirley, Solihull, Warwicks.

Five? Why five? I was reading philosophy when I was three. In Greek? Certainly. Translations were too inaccurate. Other philosophers? Of course. No, I read very little else. When I was ten I had a good sound knowledge of Swedish, German, French and Italian. I had read all the works of the great philosophers: Plato, Aristotle, the Sophists—as well as all the moderns. My outlook is based on their thought; but my own views transcend them. Teddy boy? Why do you call me that? I am an individualist. My philosophy is Subjective Idealism. My ideas are the only ones that count, to me. Anti-social? Of course not. I have no social conscience, that's all.

J. R. H. Hall, "Tigh-an-Truain," Port Ellen, Isle of Islay, Argyll.

It's me parents, Doc—proper problems they are. They didn't used to like it when I didn't wash and now they don't like it 'cause I take a pride in meself. Talk about old-fashioned! They give me the fair creeps. What with going to bed every night and eating regular. It ain't necessary. Then Mum's got a downer on me drain-pipes, and one night when I was going to the Palais she hid 'em out of spite like. So I thought right, I thought. I'll wear nuffink, and nuffink I wore. Went starkers under me mack, and boy you should have seen 'em all when I took it orf. That's really 'ow I come to be 'ere.

Mrs. Clare F. Lavelle, 49e, Clarendon Villas, Hove, Sussex



"Talk about a square peg in a round hole."

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